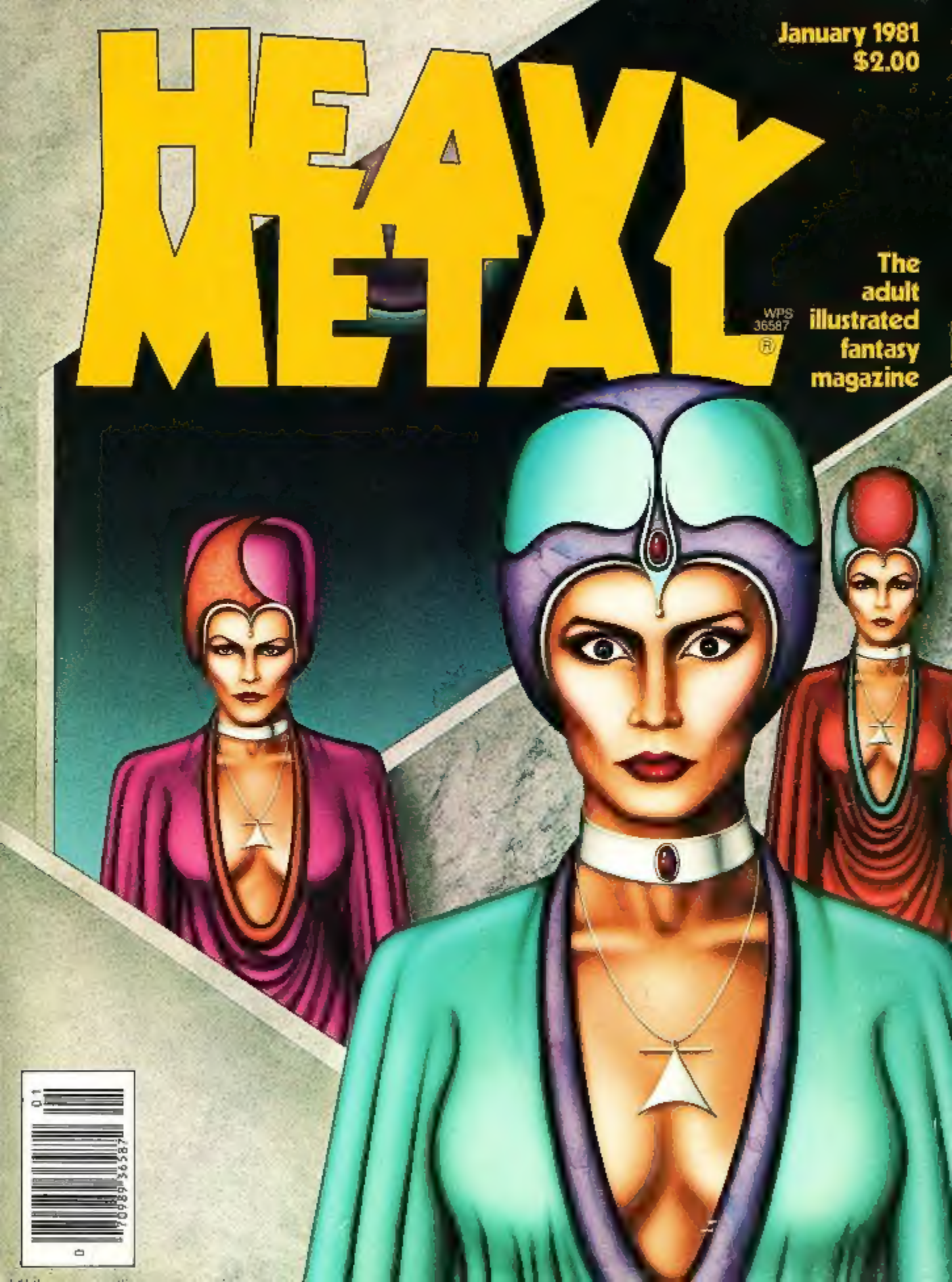
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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

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Chain Mail

Dear Sirs:

The existence of death is a fact which has an important role to play in fiction; but I found the way in which the subject was exploited in Nicole Claveloux's *Sans Family* to be disgusting. Her notable artistic style could be applied far more creatively; in this case it is left virtually without merit. That the story was included with the many other extremely worthwhile pieces in Nov. '80 *HM* greatly reduced the value of the issue.

I realize that this is a matter of opinion. But I would like to make my opinion clear that I would not like to see this type of material repeated.

Martin Otterson
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Dear *HM*:

I suppose I can guess, but there is no substitute for facts, such as why certain changes were made in Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton." Why did "the land later called Britain" become "ancient lands north of Canisland"? Why did "Sir John" become "Sir Normb" and "Lady Ellen" become "Lady Chabita"? My guess is that it was intended to place the setting alongside the other Corben opus, "Rowlf." But was it Mr. Corben or *HM* that saw fit to instigate such changes? Niggling details to be sure, but one's curiosity is piqued at such trivia.

G. Davis
Portland, Oregon

Dear Gary:
Yes, I did make the changes you mentioned partially because of "Rowlf." Originally, I had intended "The Beast of Wolfton," "Rowlf," and "Spirit of the Beast" to work out as a trilogy. I also wanted to make it a bit less realistic—bring it more into a realm of fantasy.

—Richard Corben

Dear Editor:

As one of your charter subscribers, I was dismayed to read that you have bowed to the criticisms of your more intolerant readers and cancelled the columns. All of them have been interesting, informative reading, but Lou Stathis's Muzick has been especially so.

I thank him for turning me on to the Residents, impLOG, Snakefinger, the new Beefheart, and all of the other progressive and experimental rok he has written about. He is the rarest of birds: a critic whose word I can trust completely. He says buy and I buy and I have not been disappointed. Now you're dumping him. Well, the least you can do is give me his address or tell me what paper is going to print him so I can read that.

Those of you who consider yourself "purists" have scuttled some of the best reading in town.

I applaud your November cover as the best ever. If you decide to make posters of your covers available, start with that. Do consider a special all-Japanese issue, too. You might also think about doubling the number of pages per issue. I would be happy to pay more for a larger *HM*. What I don't understand is how you make it with so few ads. Many compliments on your rock issue, too.

Thirty galactic years in an aether box to all involved in the decision to scuttle the columns. I look to 1/81 with trepidation.

Michael Pearce
Portland, Oregon

M.P.:
Hey, we're not as easygoing as all that. We didn't decide to take out our columns because of "peer" pressure—we're not quite that easily moved by the prospect of making a fast buck. The decision was a mutual one made by the editorial staff. It certainly was ignited by pro and con comments regarding the columns, but HM can offer you much more as an art magazine highlighting the best comic artists throughout the world.

—The Eds.

Photographs by Suzanne Lee Hooker

EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

Six or seven years ago, after two decades as a professional science-fiction writer, I found myself terminally tired of fooling around with androids, star ships, and bug-eyed monsters. The royalties on my books were coming in nicely, I was drawing nifty dividends from some good investments, and my mortgage was paid off. And so I came to one of those apocalyptic decisions: I walked away from my career. To my agent, my publishers, my friends, my readers, and anyone else within earshot I loudly announced that I was giving up writing "forever."

As it happened, "forever" lasted about five years. Then an item called *Lord Valentine's Castle* wandered out of my typewriter, and somehow I found myself back in business. That's okay. If my mind wants to change itself, who am I to argue with it?

But people ask me a lot of questions about the five years of my retirement. "Didn't you write *anything?*" *Well, letters and checks.* "Weren't you *bored?*" *Not for a moment.* "But what did you do all that time?"

Well, among other things, I planted a garden.

Plenty of good precedent for that. The Roman general Cincinnatus was summoned from his garden to be dictator. After he conquered the Aequians and saved his country, he resigned his office and went back to his garden. And Voltaire's Candide, after suffering every imaginable calamity, married his beloved and settled down to cultivate *his* garden. Thomas Jefferson, when he wearied of politics, carried out all sorts of horticultural experiments at Monticello.

But the garden I planted was a science-fiction garden.

continued on page 58

Bloodstar

In the last episode, Earth was nearly destroyed by a huge, unforeseen orb, blasting from up above. It caused the waters to overflow, the earth to burn, and most of the planet's inhabitants to die in less than a fortnight. Remaining was a desolate planet, with only a few survivors.

THE PAST WAS OF NO IMPORTANCE. THERE WAS ONLY THE PRESENT...AND THE HUNGER OF THE HUNTERS...

LOOK, GROM! BRAINDEER SPOOR! THEY MUST BE CLOSE BY. LET'S TAKE A LOOK OVER THAT RISE.
WHAT A TRACKER YOU'VE BECOME, BLOODSTAR! NEARLY AS GOOD AS ANOTHER.

THERE! I COUNT TWELVE OF THE BEASTS. IF WE CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH BEFORE THEY PICK UP OUR THOUGHTS, WE MIGHT BAG A COUPLE.
I'LL GET MY TWO— AND BY ZEG! IF YOU DON'T DO LIKEWISE, I'LL THRASH YOU!

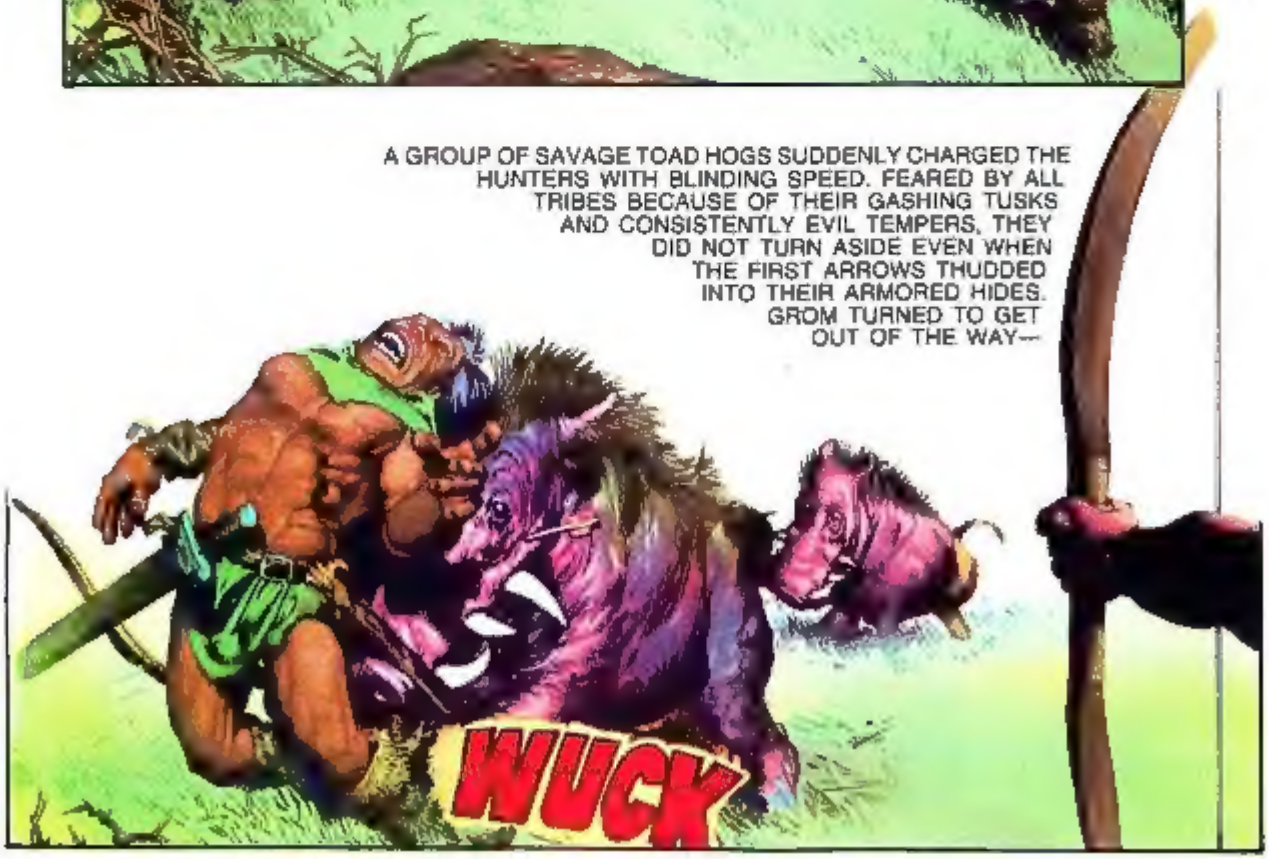
THE TWO HUNTERS CREPT DOWNWIND OF THE MILLING HERD, KEEPING THEIR MINDS AS BLANK AS POSSIBLE.

THE CREATURES CONTINUED TO MUNCH PEACEFULLY AND UNAWARES. THEIR MUSK WAS PUNGENT IN THE HOT AFTERNOON AIR. SO INTENT WERE YOUNG BLOODSTAR AND OLD GROM ON THEIR PREY THAT BOTH MISSED A STIRRING IN THE GRASS BEHIND THEM.

DRAWING THE BOWSTRING TAUT, BLOODSTAR FELT THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK RISE. HIS HEART BEGAN TO POUND WITH UNEASE.

THE WOLF STEEDS SENSED SOMETHING TOO AND SOUNDED THE FIRST ALARM OF THE MENACE STALKING THEM.

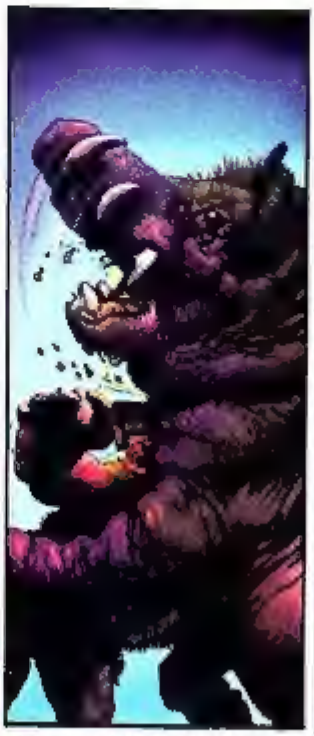
A GROUP OF SAVAGE TOAD HOGS SUDDENLY CHARGED THE HUNTERS WITH BLINDING SPEED. FEARED BY ALL TRIBES BECAUSE OF THEIR GASHING TUSKS AND CONSISTENTLY EVIL TEMPERS, THEY DID NOT TURN ASIDE EVEN WHEN THE FIRST ARROWS THUDDED INTO THEIR ARMORED HIDES. GROM TURNED TO GET OUT OF THE WAY—



FOR THE OLD HUNTER, THE WORLD WAS FILLED WITH SUDDEN AGONIZING PAIN, A SOFT, CRIMSON SILENCE.

TURNING, THE YOUTH SAW HIS FRIEND'S FALL AS IF IT WERE A LIFETIME AWAY.

HE LASHED OUT WITH HIS BLADE, CURIOUSLY FEELING NO HATRED FOR THE BEAST HE WAS GUTTING.



THERE WAS ONLY THE SWIFT NEED TO LEAP TO HIS COMPANION'S AID, TO HELP HIM TO HIS FEET, TO JOKE ABOUT HIS CARELESSNESS.

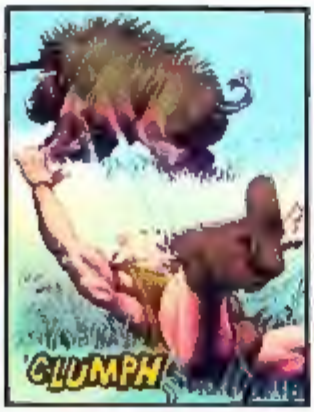
THERE WAS A TENSE PAUSE. THE FIRST BEAST HAD FALLEN. ANOTHER WAS STAGGERING ABOUT AS ITS LIFEBLOOD GUSHED OUT UPON THE GROUND. THE LAST HOG GLARED AT THE YOUTH. ITS WARTY SIDES HEAVED. BLOODSTAR STOOD OVER HIS FRIEND, WONDERING HOW SEVERE HIS WOUNDS WERE. GROM WAS LYING SO STILL. CAREFULLY, BLOODSTAR REACHED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S SPEAR.

THE SECOND HOG COLLAPSED...

SIGNALING THE DEATH CHARGE OF THE LAST.

THE TWO ADVERSARIES COLLIDED IN MIDAIR

THE SPEAR POINT PENETRATED THE MONSTER'S EYE AND SLID INTO ITS BRAIN. THE HOG SQUEALED, TOSSING BLOODSTAR HIGH INTO THE AIR...



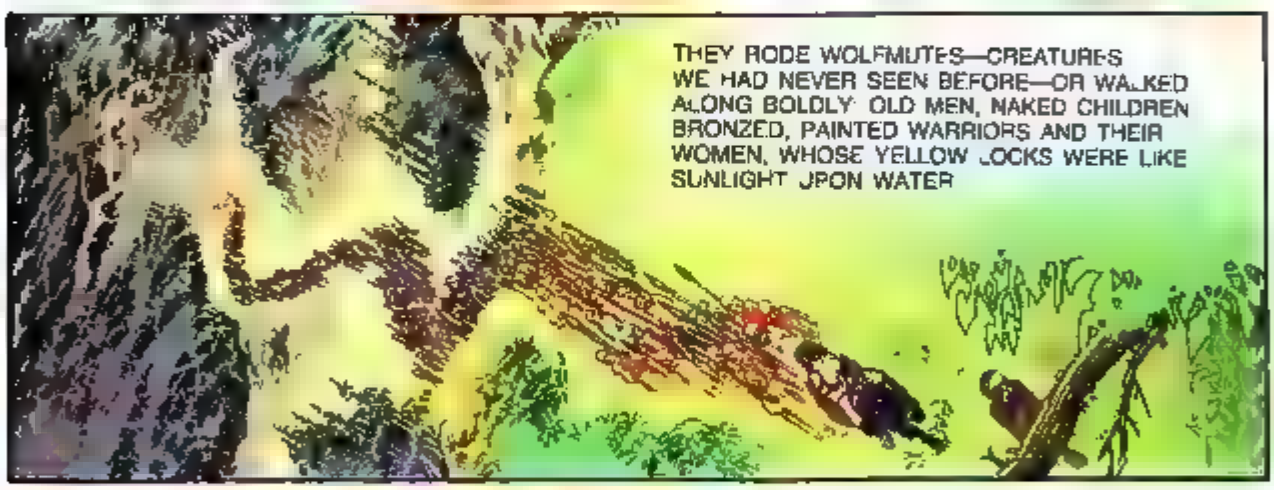
TO LAND WITH BONE-JARRING FORCE. THE BEAST SHUDDERED, THE SPEAR SHAFT WAVING GROTESQUELY.

AND THEN IT TOO FELL DEAD.

PICKING HIMSELF UP, BLOODSTAR LIMPED OVER TO GROM.

SEE? NOTHING—A SCRATCH— I'M JUST RESTING WANTED TO SEE IF YOU COULD HANDLE THOSE PIGG ES YOURSELF
YES, GROM I CAN SEE YOU'VE GOT GUTS
STILL, THAT SCRATCH WILL KEEP YOU ABED FOR A WHILE G VE YOU A CHANCE TO CHARM THE WOMENFOLK
OOOWWW! YOU'D BETTER BEL EVE IT SOFT ARMS OOOHHH
AT FIRST YOUNG BLOODSTAR TREMBLED FOR THE OLD HUNTER'S L FE THE TUSK WOUND WAS WIDE AND DEEP BUT HAVING STOPPED THE BLOOD FLOW AND CHEERED BY GROM S SARCASTIC SPIRITS, HE BEGAN TO THINK HIS FR END WAS JNKILLABLE BY THE T ME THEY REACHED THE AESIR VILLAGE, HOWEVER, GROM WAS FEVER SH PALE AND WEAK. THE MEDICINE MAN WHO TENDED HIM CAME TO BLOODSTAR WITH GR M NEWS. THE YOUTH TRIED TO BLINK AWAY THE BURN NG TEARS OF GRIEF
HE S DY NG BLOODSTAR, I FEAR HE WILL NOT LAST TILL DAWN. GO TO H M. HE WANTS TO SPEAK WITH YOU
SO, LITTLE BLOODSTAR! GROM IS DYING. KILLED BY A PIG! WHAT A WAY TO GO! LISTEN. FOR THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR FATHER BLOODSTAR THE ELDER—HE WHO FIRST BORE THAT CR MSON MARK UPON H S FOREHEAD HOW LIKE H M YOU ARE

YOU'VE HEARD ME SPEAK OF THE KING OF THE NORTHERN ABYSS.
ONCE LONG AGO A BAND OF BLOND GIANTS ENTERED MY PEOPLE'S LAND. THEY WERE PART OF A WARRIOR CLAN WHO HAD MIGRATED FROM THE SMOKING SOUTHLANDS. THEY WEREN'T WELCOME, EITHER! OUR WAR FIRES BLAZED AS WE PREPARED TO GREET THE STRANGERS PROPERLY
NOW I WANT YOU TO KNOW 'TWAS YOUR FATHER WHO DEFEATED THAT LOATHLY THING WHICH CRAWLED UP OUT OF THE PIT OF HEL


THEY RODE WOLFMUTES—CREATURES WE HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE—OR WALKED ALONG BOLDLY: OLD MEN, NAKED CHILDREN BRONZED, PAINTED WARRIORS AND THEIR WOMEN, WHOSE YELLOW LOCKS WERE LIKE SUNLIGHT UPON WATER

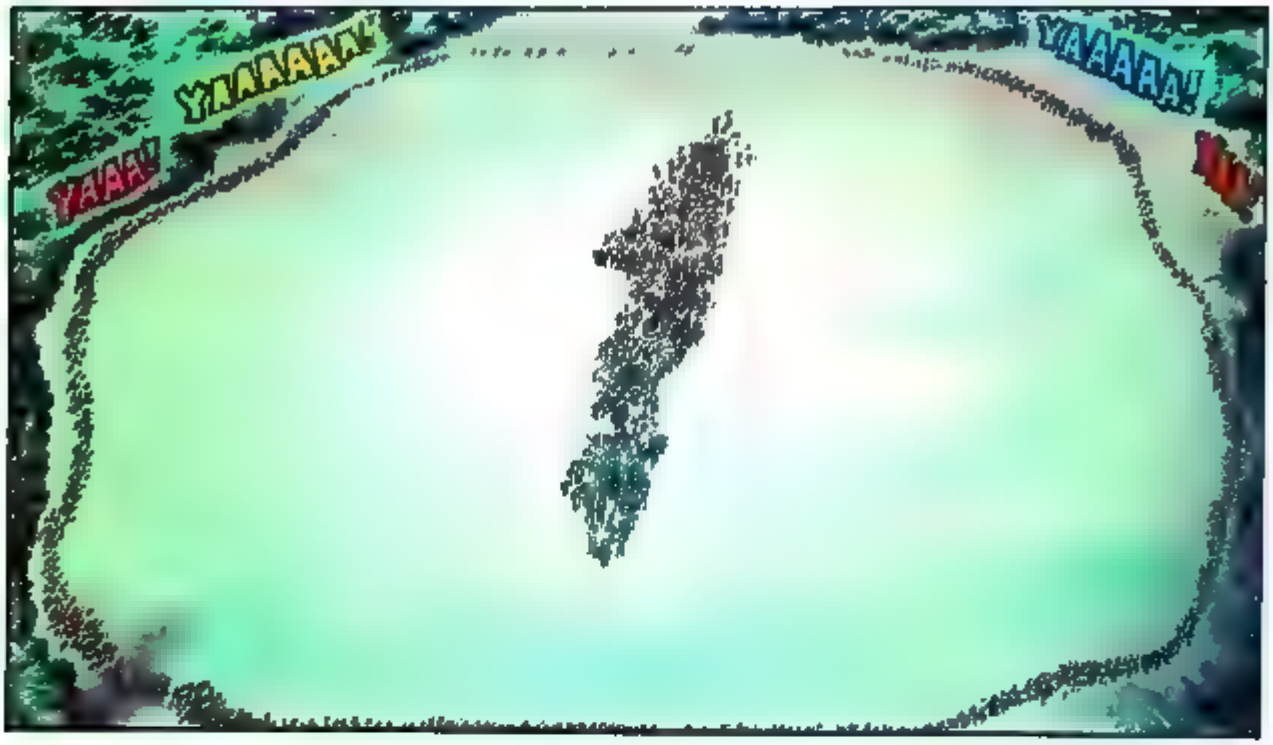
OUR SCOUTS WATCHED THEIR COLUMN PASS. AT ITS HEAD RODE A FIERCE-EYED FIGURE. BYRDAG, WAR CHIEF OF THE AESIR. AN ORNATE ARMBAND IDENTIFIED HIS LEADERSHIP

ONE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN ALSO WORE A SIMILAR ARMBAND—HELVA, THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER. WHAT A BEAUTY!

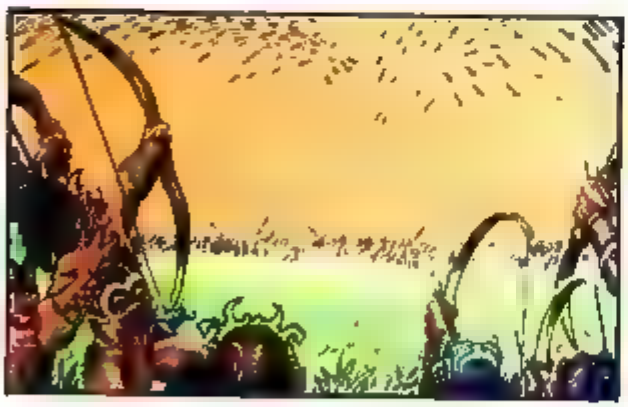
WE WATCHED THEM PASS THROUGH THE HILLS AND THOUGHT THEY MIGHT NOT STOP. WHAT BLIND IMPULSE OR RESTLESS WHIM HAD BROUGHT THEM INTO OUR LAND. WE COULDN'T GUESS. ALL WE KNEW WAS THAT THEY HAD TO BE DRIVEN OUT -OR DESTROYED!

MY EYES WERE DRAWN TO THE TWO TALLEST WARRIORS. WHO MARCHED ALONG TOGETHER. LAUGHING AND JOKING WITH EACH OTHER. I SOON LEARNED THEY WERE LOKNAR THE BOLD AND BLOODSTAR. HUNTER-COMRADES AND FRIENDLY RIVALS IN THE BRUTAL SPORT OF BATTLE. THEY SEEMED ALMOST LIKE BROTHERS.

THEY HEARD OUR WAR DRUMS BOOMING AS THEY CAME OUT UPON AN OPEN PLATEAU BETWEEN THE HILLS. SUDDENLY THE POUNDING CEASED. MENACING SILENCE FELL. THEY KNEW SOMETHING WAS COMING—

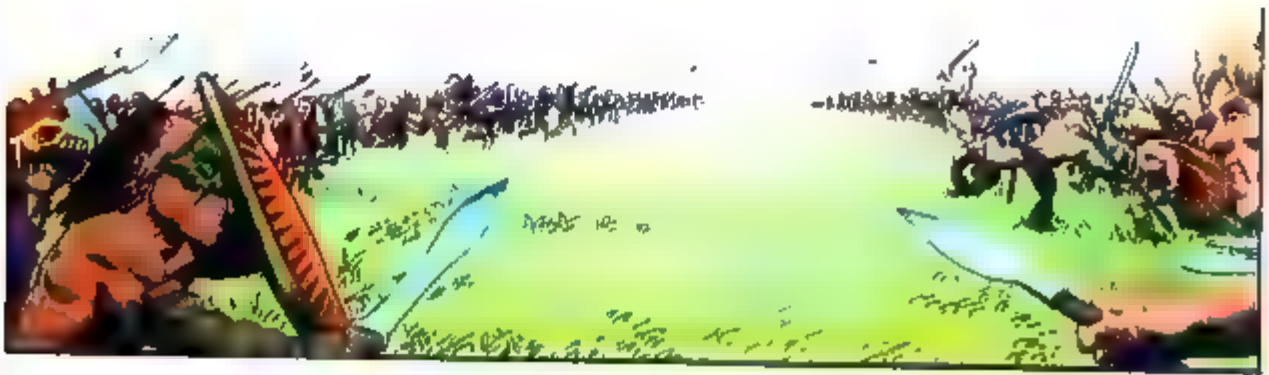


WE THUNDERED OUR MASSED WAR CRY TO THE GRAY HEAVENS AS WE GREETED THE INTRUDERS WITH FEATHERED DEATH.



THE RING CLOSED BY ZEG! THEY REPAID US WITH THEIR OWN HISSING CLOUDS

THE PRELIM NARIES OVER. BOTH FORCES SPREAD OUT AND FELL UPON EACH OTHER WITH SWORD AND SPEAR



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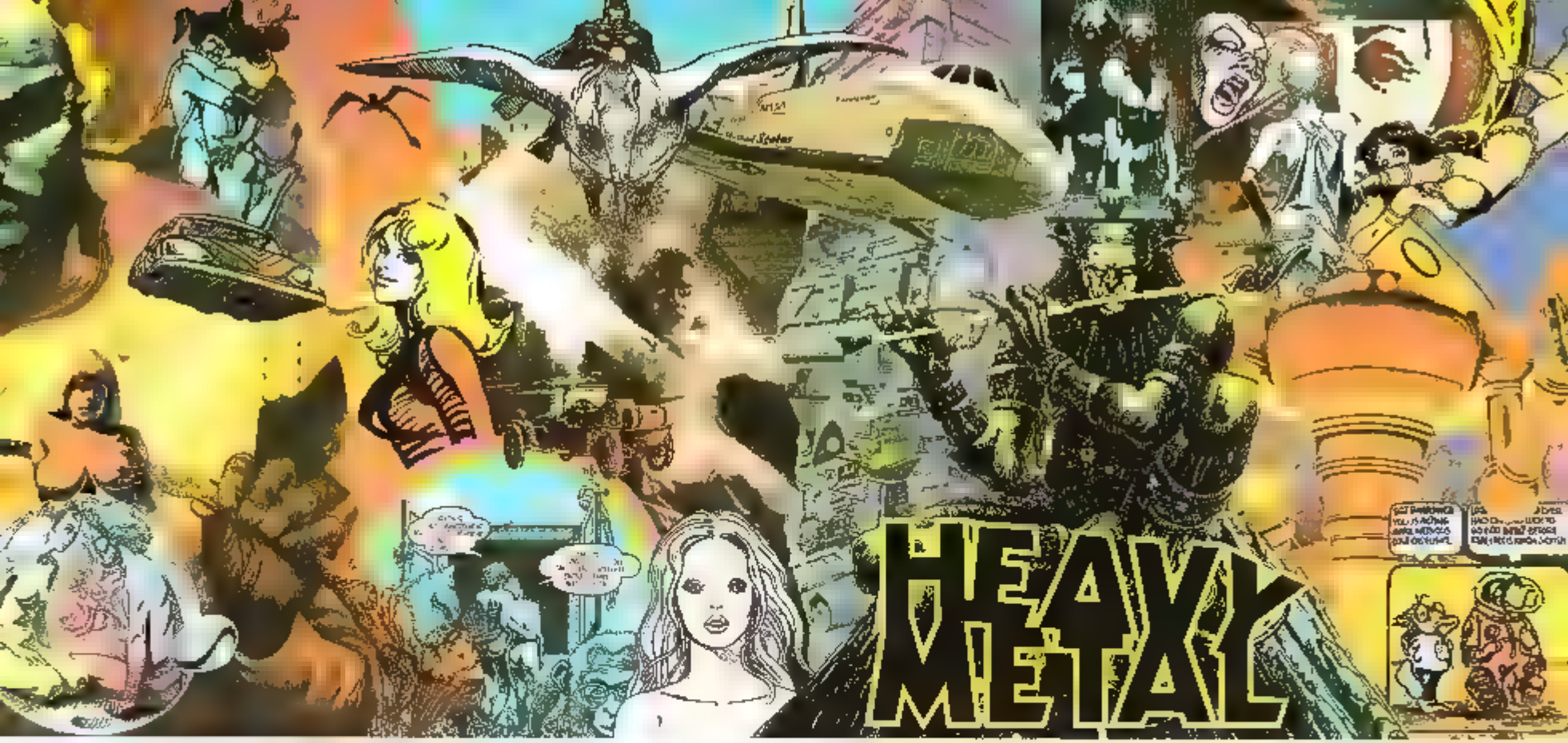


COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977: The Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's 'Arzach.' Corben's 'Den.' Bodé's 'Sunpot' and more. ($5.00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, Roger the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more. ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977 Macedo's 'Rocktalk,' the highly praised 'Shells,' the beginning of Davis's 'World Apart,' Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more. ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977 Lots of Moebius: 'Azarch,' plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow" also the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST, 1977: The saga of Polonius begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and 'The World Apart' and 'Den' continue. ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera, plus more 'World Apart,' 'Den,' and 'Polonius.' ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's 'Airtight Garage,' 'Den' and 'Polonius' redux, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and 'World Apart.' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Nuts" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Clevelaux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny. Lob and Richard update Ulysses. 'Conquering Armies' concludes, 'Den' continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY, 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling 'Druon' makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more 'Den.' ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth, while Den wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: Jim the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Onion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1966," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," yet more "Heilman," "Onion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's "Major," "Heilman," "Onion," "Love Stone on Gail," and Horton Ellson too. ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: "Exterminator 7," Ellson's illustrated "Glad Goblin," the debut of Mokie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with Onion, Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus Mokie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," Mokie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellson's tale short. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's "Time Out." And much more! ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Disco" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and Little Red V-3, alongside Mobteller and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolloed, Suydam, Sales, Trina, Moebius and Ellson, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year, a new decade, begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An eerie Corbin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, Mokie Experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Mari Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Crimsons take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Brös. strip! Plus: Corben, Malena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our Third Anniversary issue—32 pages of "Champaloo" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axio ever find out? Will Champaloo reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell! ($3.00)

#39/JUNE, 1980: Champaloo meets his fate, while Captain Sterne saves the day. And at their revenge, The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme" conspires with Axio learning the truth about his sidekick Musky, Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

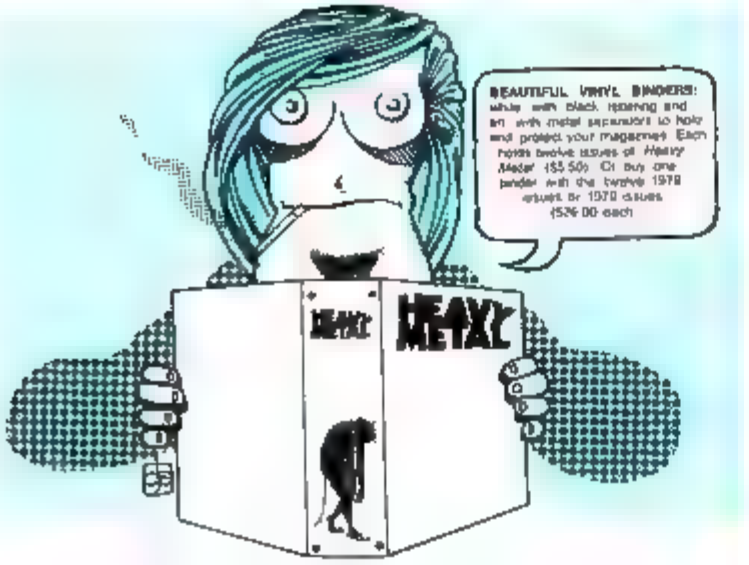
#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo," while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress." ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam. Enki Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet! ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock issue packed with goodies by Mokie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Vaughn, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Malena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER, 1980: With the Shogun spell ablaze this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER, 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar Cronos's "Valentina" and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Really Papa?" Plus: The Curse of the Fog," Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)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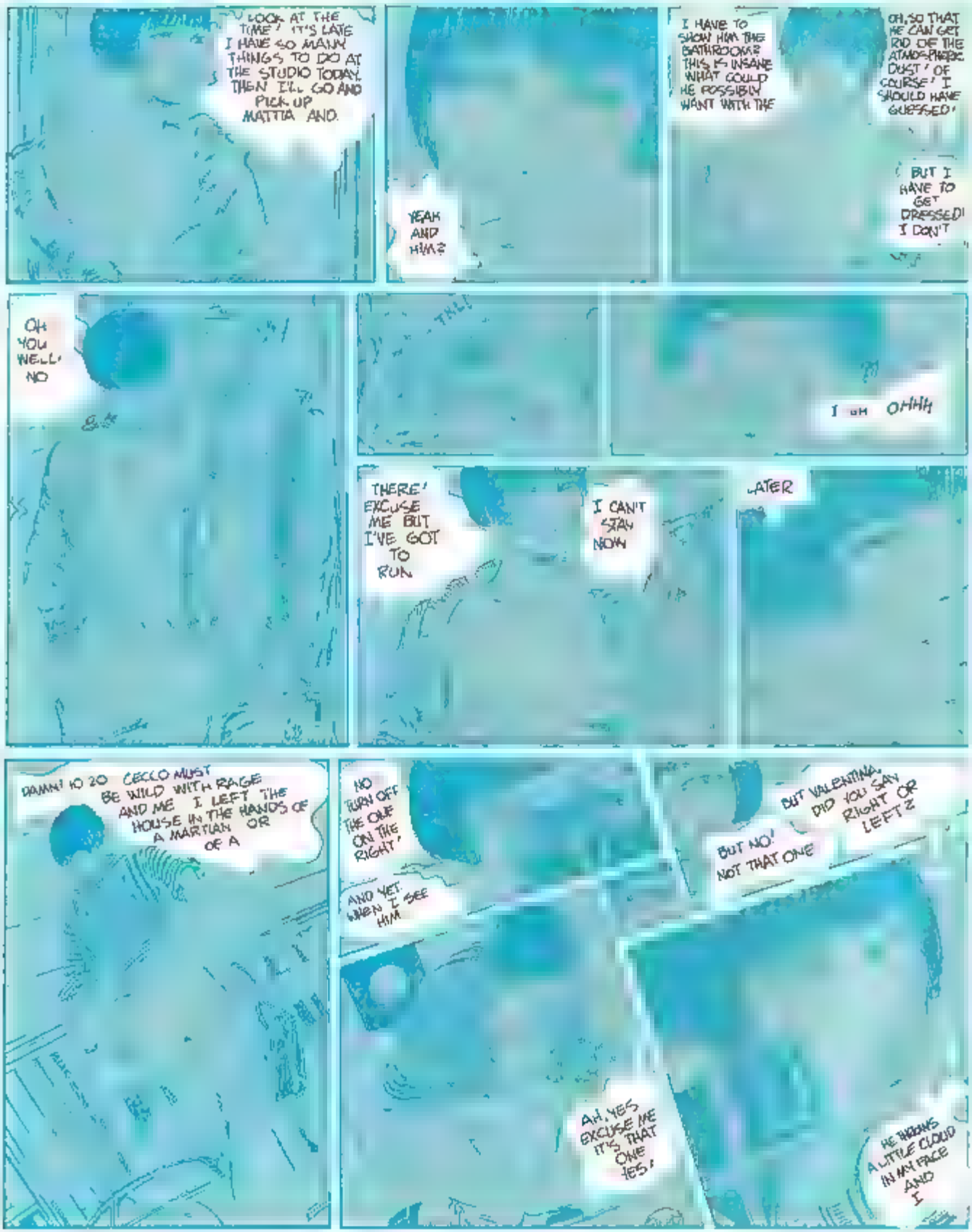
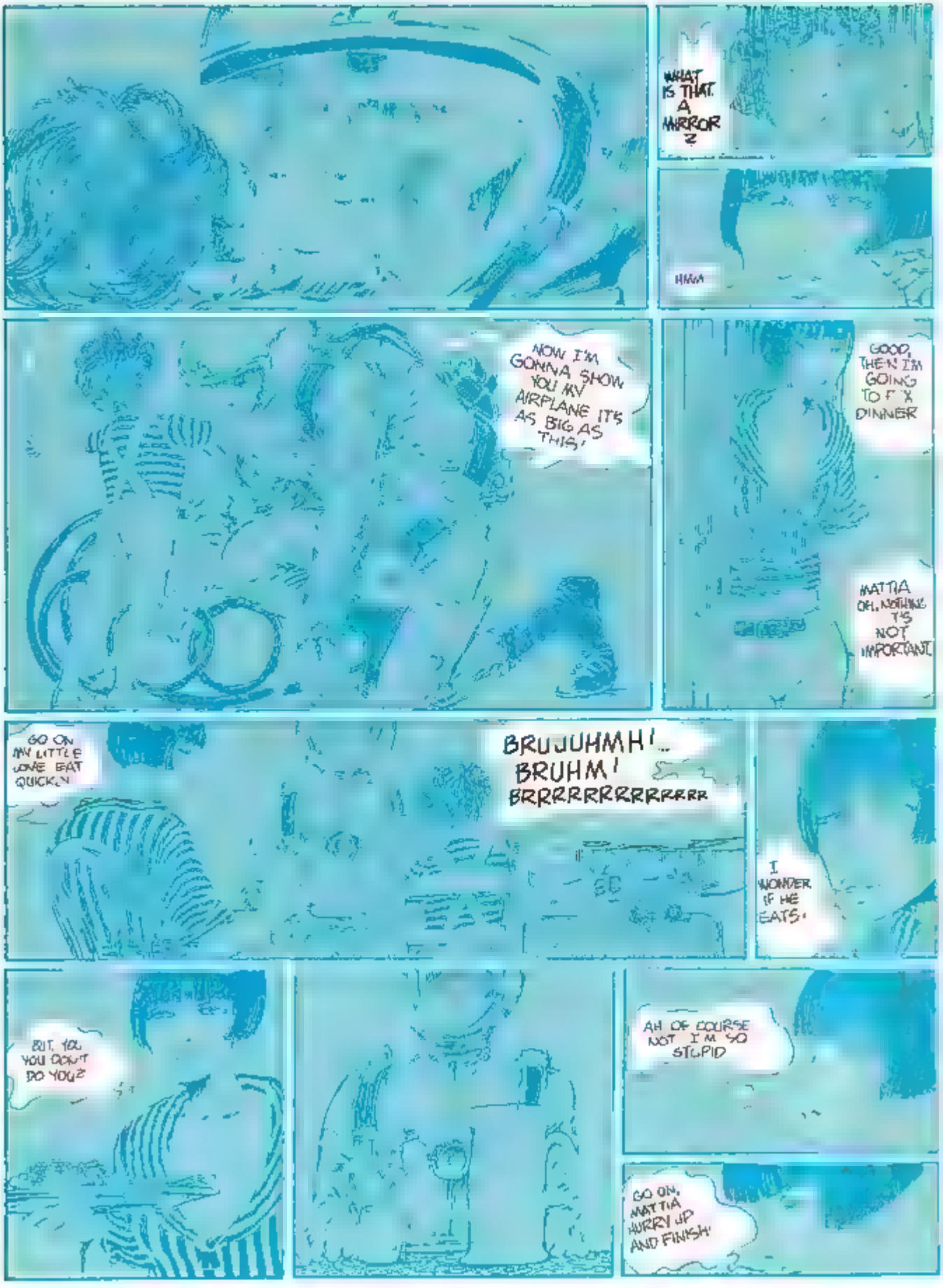
valentina in REFLECTION

Last we saw Valentina was visited by a mysterious spaceman, who appeared outta nowhere. She was baffled. They made love. And she experienced an amazing dream.

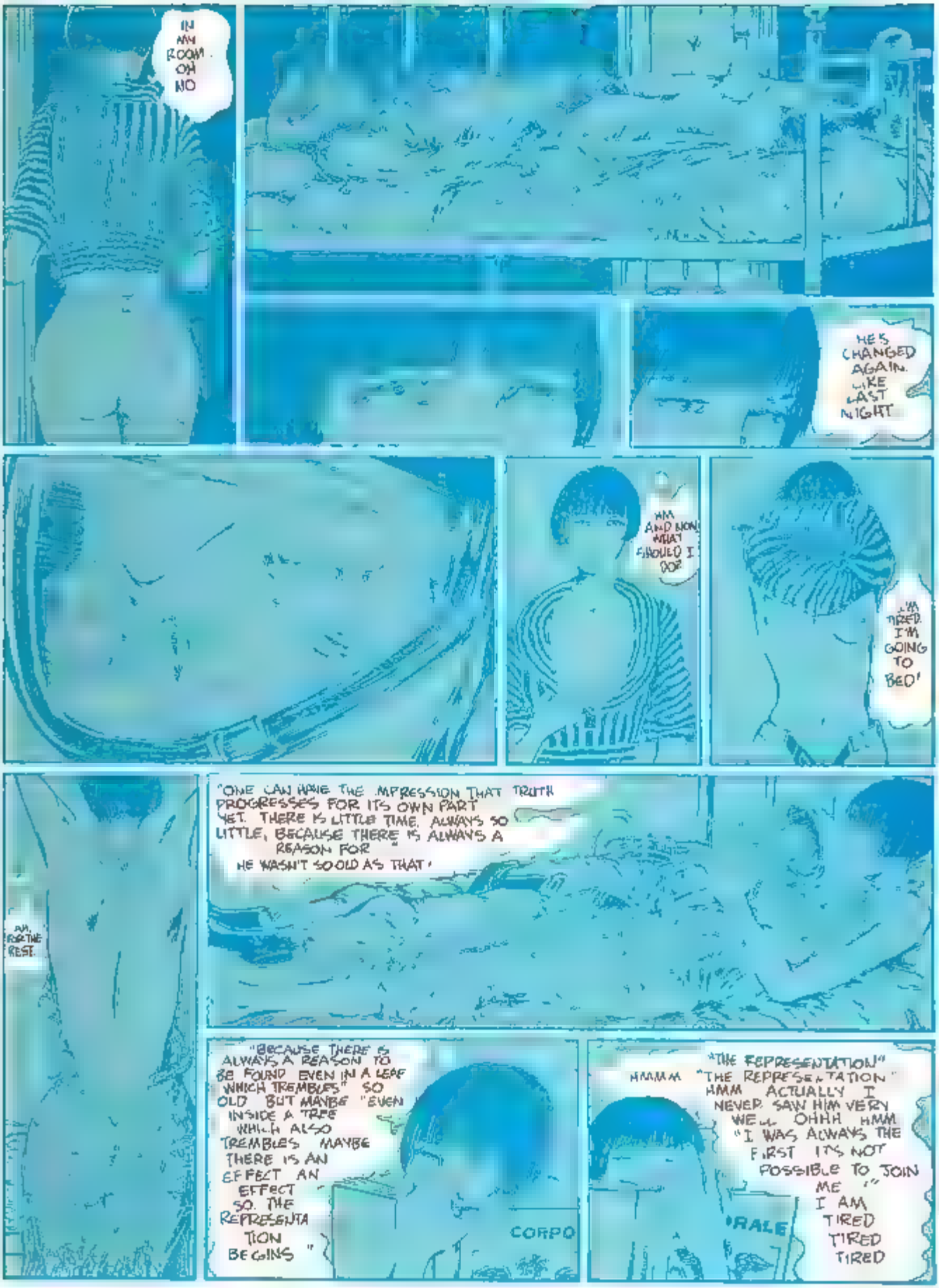

LOOK AT THE TIME! IT'S LATE I HAVE SO MANY THINGS TO DO AT THE STUDIO TODAY. THEN I'LL GO AND PICK UP MATTIA AND.
YEAH AND HIM?
I HAVE TO SHOW HIM THE BATHROOM? THIS IS INSANE WHAT COULD HE POSSIBLY WANT WITH THE
OH, SO THAT HE CAN GET RID OF THE ATMOSPHERIC DUST! OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!
BUT I HAVE TO GET DRESSED! I DON'T
OH YOU WELL, NO
TRILL
I OH OHHH
THERE! EXCUSE ME BUT I'VE GOT TO RUN.
I CAN'T STAY NOW
LATER
DAMN! IO 20 CECCO MUST BE WILD WITH RAGE AND ME I LEFT THE HOUSE IN THE HANDS OF A MARTIAN OR OF A
NO TURN OFF THE ONE ON THE RIGHT!
AND YET WHEN I SEE HIM
BUT VALENTINA, DID YOU SAY RIGHT OR LEFT?
BUT NO! NOT THAT ONE
AH, YES EXCUSE ME IT'S THAT ONE YES!
HE BRINGS A LITTLE CLOUD IN MY FACE AND I

YOU KNOW MATTIA THERE'S A MAN AT THE HOUSE HE'S VERY NICE BUT HE DOESN'T TALK
HERE WE ARE AT HOME
WAIT
NO
NO!
ONE MINUTE!
THERE HE IS!
MATTIA, LISTEN
A PILOT!
WHY DO YOU HAVE GLOVES


WHAT IS THAT A MIRROR?
HMM
NOW I'M GONNA SHOW YOU MY AIRPLANE IT'S AS BIG AS THIS!
GOOD, THEN I'M GOING TO FIX DINNER
MATTIA OH, NOTHING IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
GO ON MY LITTLE ONE EAT QUICKLY
BRUJUHMH!.. BRUHM! BRRRRRRRRRRRRR
I WONDER IF HE EATS!
BUT, YOU YOU DON'T DO YOU?
AH OF COURSE NOT I'M SO STUPID
GO ON, MATTIA HURRY UP AND FINISH!

BUT STILL HOW DOES HE GET ANY NOURISHMENT?
AND I STILL DON'T KNOW IF HE HEARS US SPEAKING
SHALL WE TRY WITH MUSIC? MAYBE HE'LL HEAR
LET'S LISTEN TO THE SOLDIER
WITH THE DEVIL STRAVINSKY
BUT NO STRAVINSKY, ISN'T THE DEVIL THE DEVIL PLAYS THE VIOLIN DO YOU HEAR? THEN THE SOLDIER
"ONE CAN'T HAVE EVERY-THING" SAYS THE DEVIL
IT'S FORBIDDEN!

GOOD OFF TO BED NOW
THAT'S STRANGE. HIS FACE IS LIKE LAST NIGHT. HOWEVER, IF I THINK BACK
HM
THIS MORNING HIS FACE WAS DIFFERENT. HE SEEMED YOUNGER
MAYBE IT WAS THE LIGHT
IT'S DARK
TO SLEEP
MMM
GO AHEAD THAT MAKES ALMOST A QUARTER OF AN HOUR
OHOH
THERE BUT WHERE'D HE GO?
UNLESS
HM NO HE MUST HAVE GONE OUT ON THE TERRACE
TO LOOK AT THE STARS
NO


IN MY ROOM OH NO
HE'S CHANGED AGAIN. LIKE LAST NIGHT
HM AND NOW WHAT SHOULD I DO?
I'M TIRED. I'M GOING TO BED'
AH, FOR THE REST.
"ONE CAN HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT TRUTH PROGRESSES FOR ITS OWN PART YET. THERE IS LITTLE TIME. ALWAYS SO LITTLE, BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS A REASON FOR HE WASN'T SO OLD AS THAT'
"BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS A REASON TO BE FOUND EVEN IN A LEAF WHICH TREMBLES" SO OLD BUT MAYBE "EVEN INSIDE A TREE WHICH ALSO TREMBLES MAYBE THERE IS AN EFFECT AN EFFECT SO. THE REPRESENTATION BEGINS "
CORPO
HMMM "THE REPRESENTATION" "THE REPRESENTATION" HMM ACTUALLY I NEVER SAW HIM VERY WELL OHHH HMM "I WAS ALWAYS THE FIRST IT'S NOT POSSIBLE TO JOIN ME '" I AM TIRED TIRED TIRED
RALE

SLIK!
MMMM
OHHHHHHH
I CAN'T SLEEP WHAT HEAT

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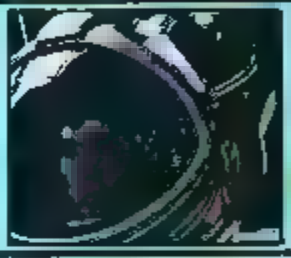

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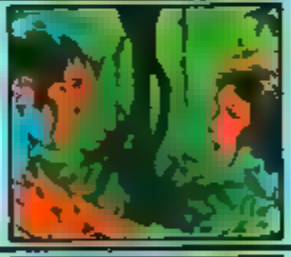

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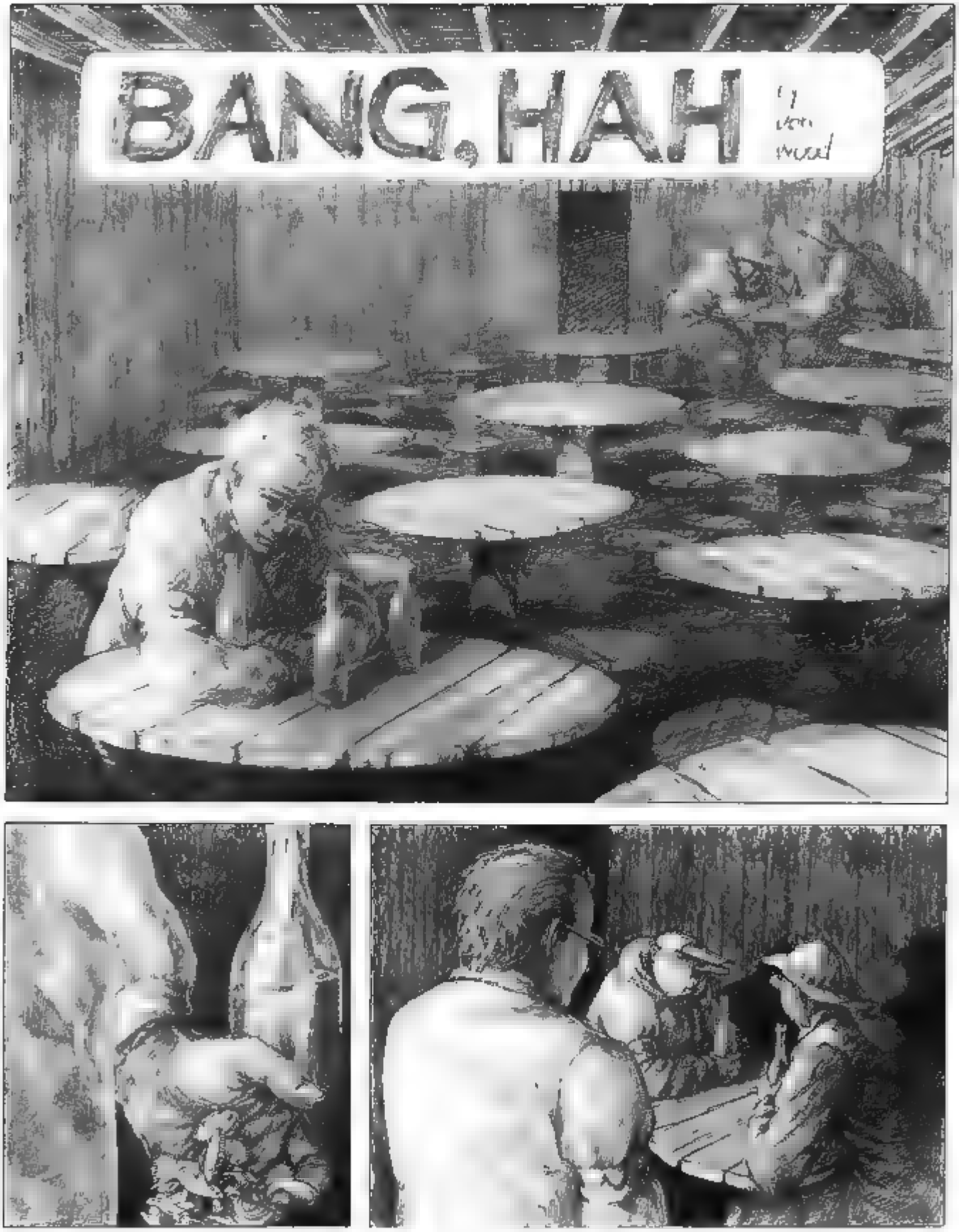
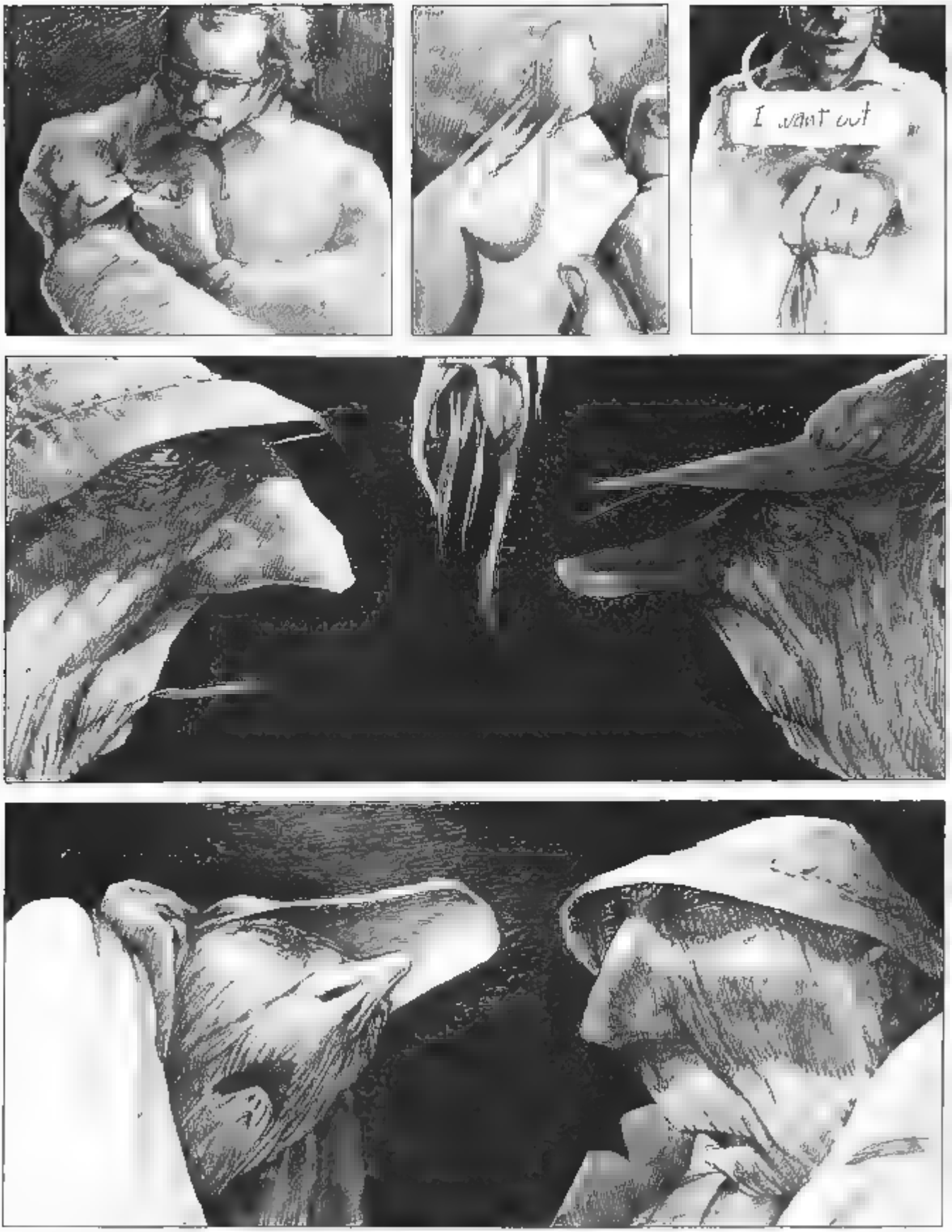

BANG, HAH


I want out

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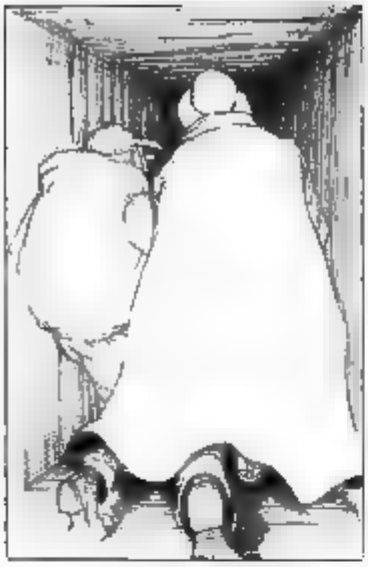
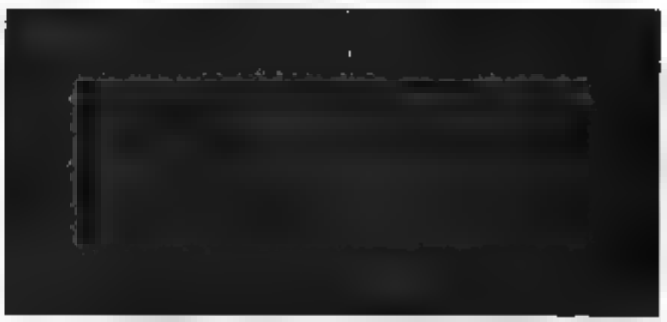
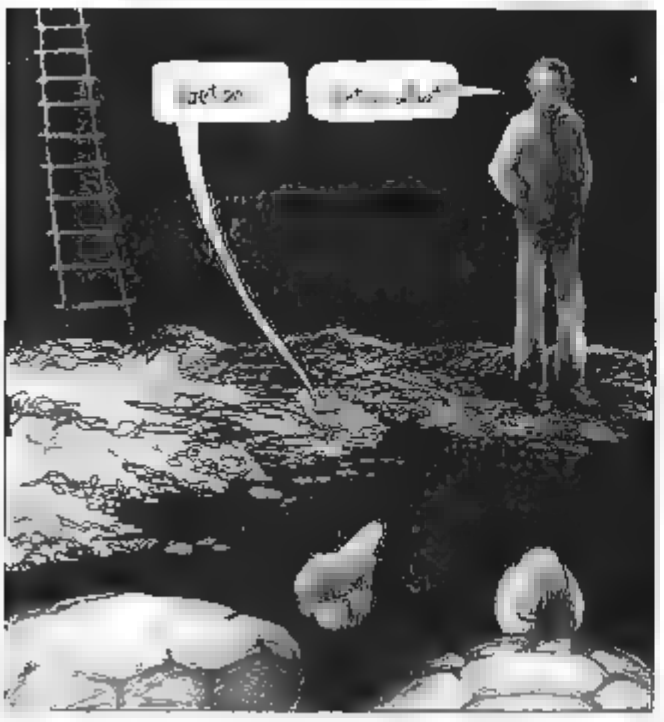
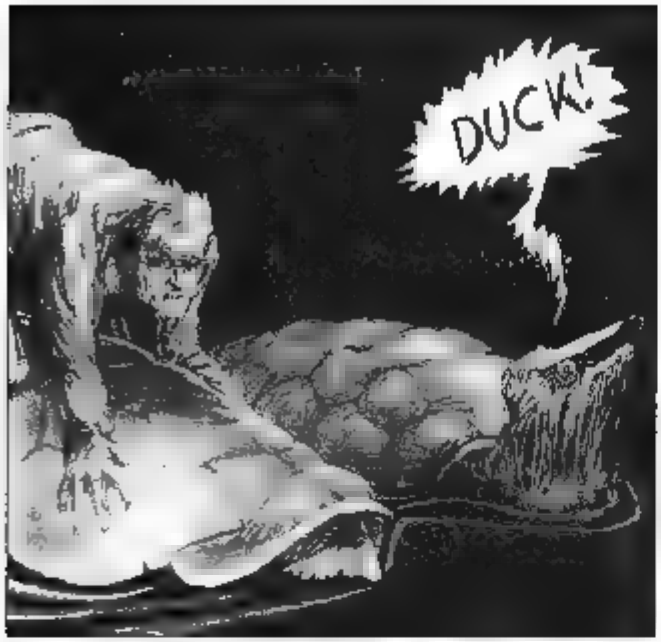


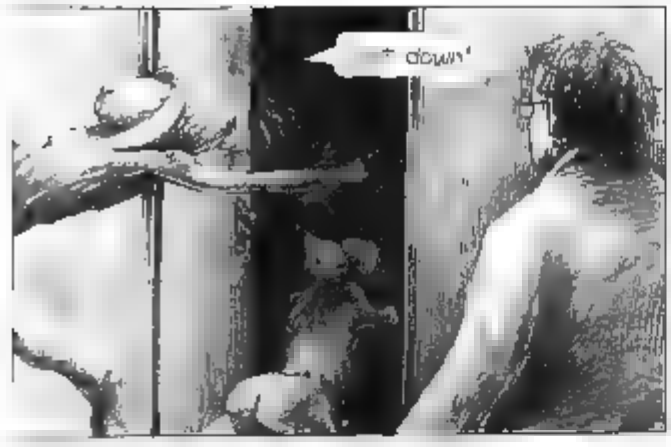





DUCK!

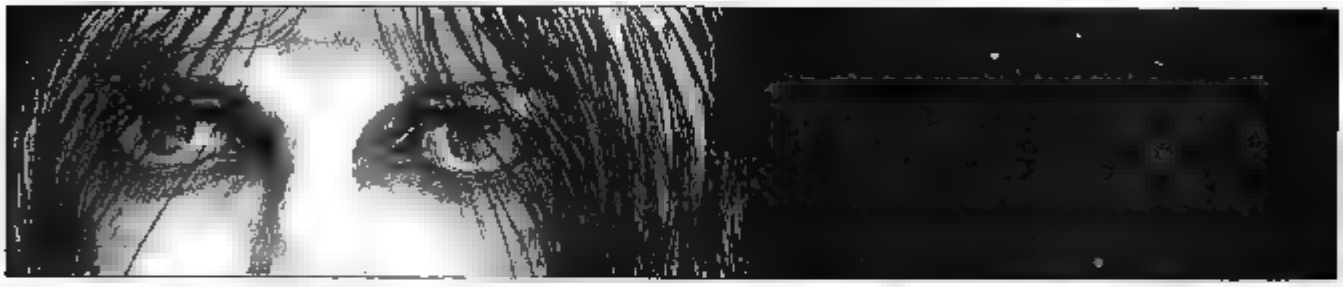
A whole flock of 'em!

Damn


down!

Move damn it!

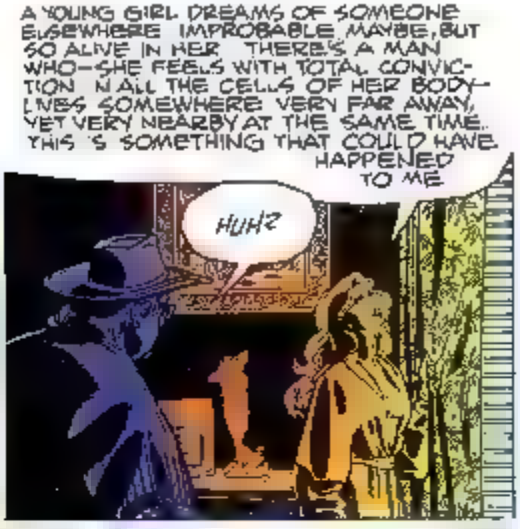
What is this bull shit!

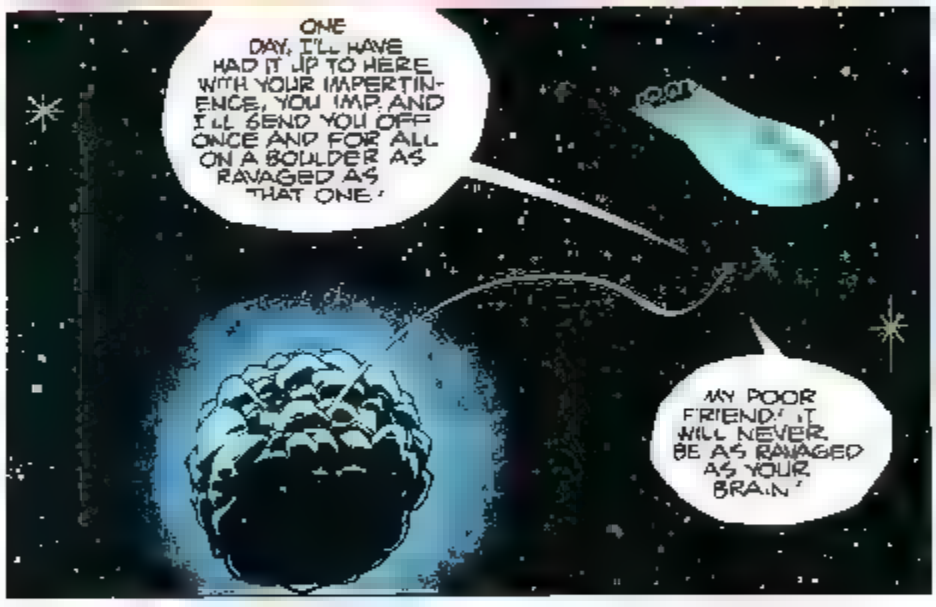


CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

What Is Reality, Papa?

Last month, smitten with the thought of Chimeer Axle traveled uncharted planets seeking her company He met Rita, an intergalactic soothsayer, who encouraged him to go find his love, and gave him a magical caterpillar to aid him in his search Meanwhile at Univers-all Studios in Hollywood, a starlet plays the part of Chimeer which becomes much more than just another role


A YOUNG GIRL DREAMS OF SOMEONE ELSEWHERE IMPROBABLE, MAYBE, BUT SO ALIVE IN HER THERE'S A MAN WHO—SHE FEELS WITH TOTAL CONVICTION IN ALL THE CELLS OF HER BODY—LIVES SOMEWHERE VERY FAR AWAY, YET VERY NEARBY AT THE SAME TIME. THIS IS SOMETHING THAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME
HUH?

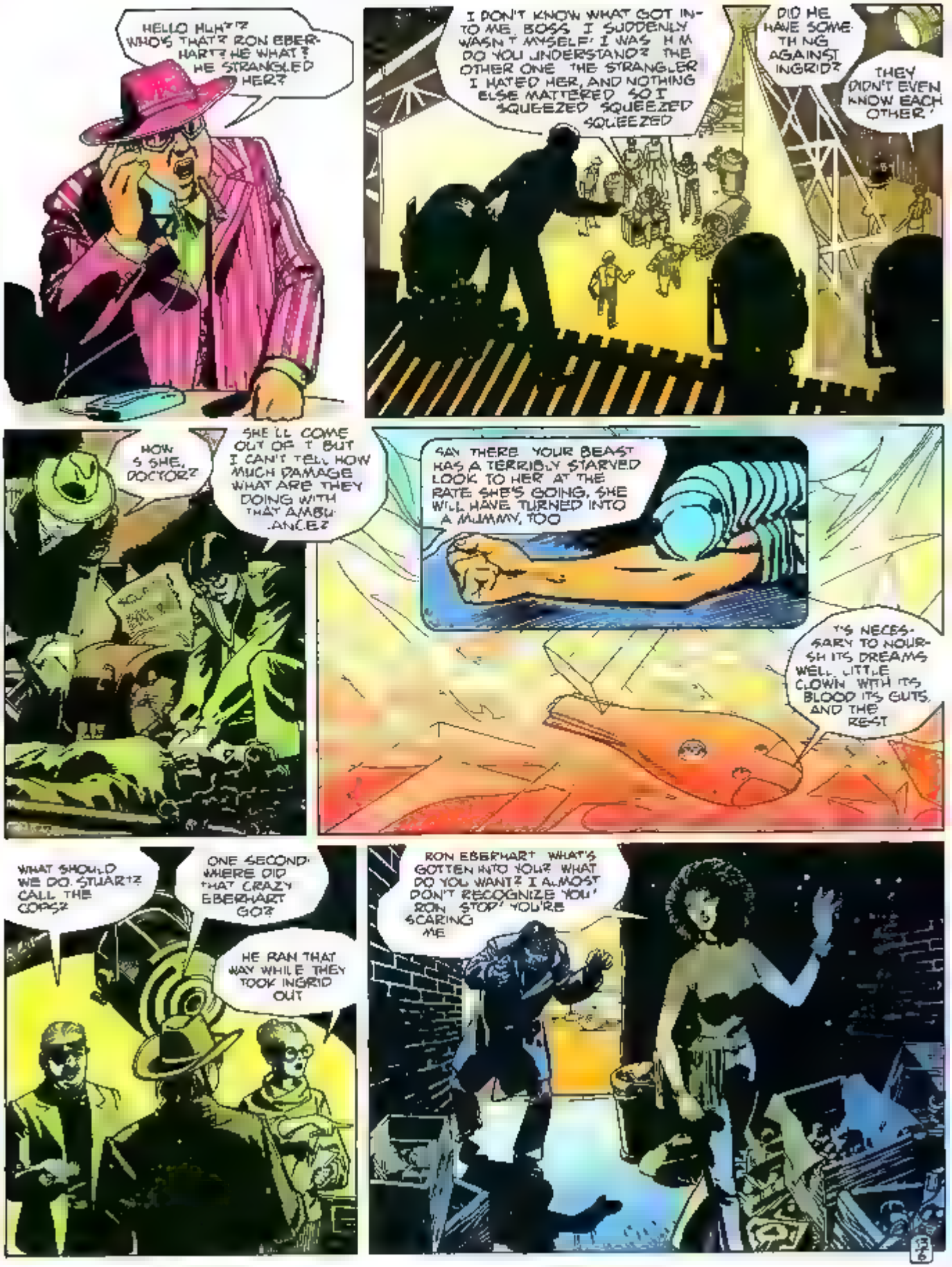

ONE DAY, I'LL HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH YOUR IMPERTINENCE, YOU IMP, AND I'LL SEND YOU OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL ON A BOULDER AS RAVAGED AS THAT ONE!
MY POOR FRIEND! IT WILL NEVER BE AS RAVAGED AS YOUR BRAIN!

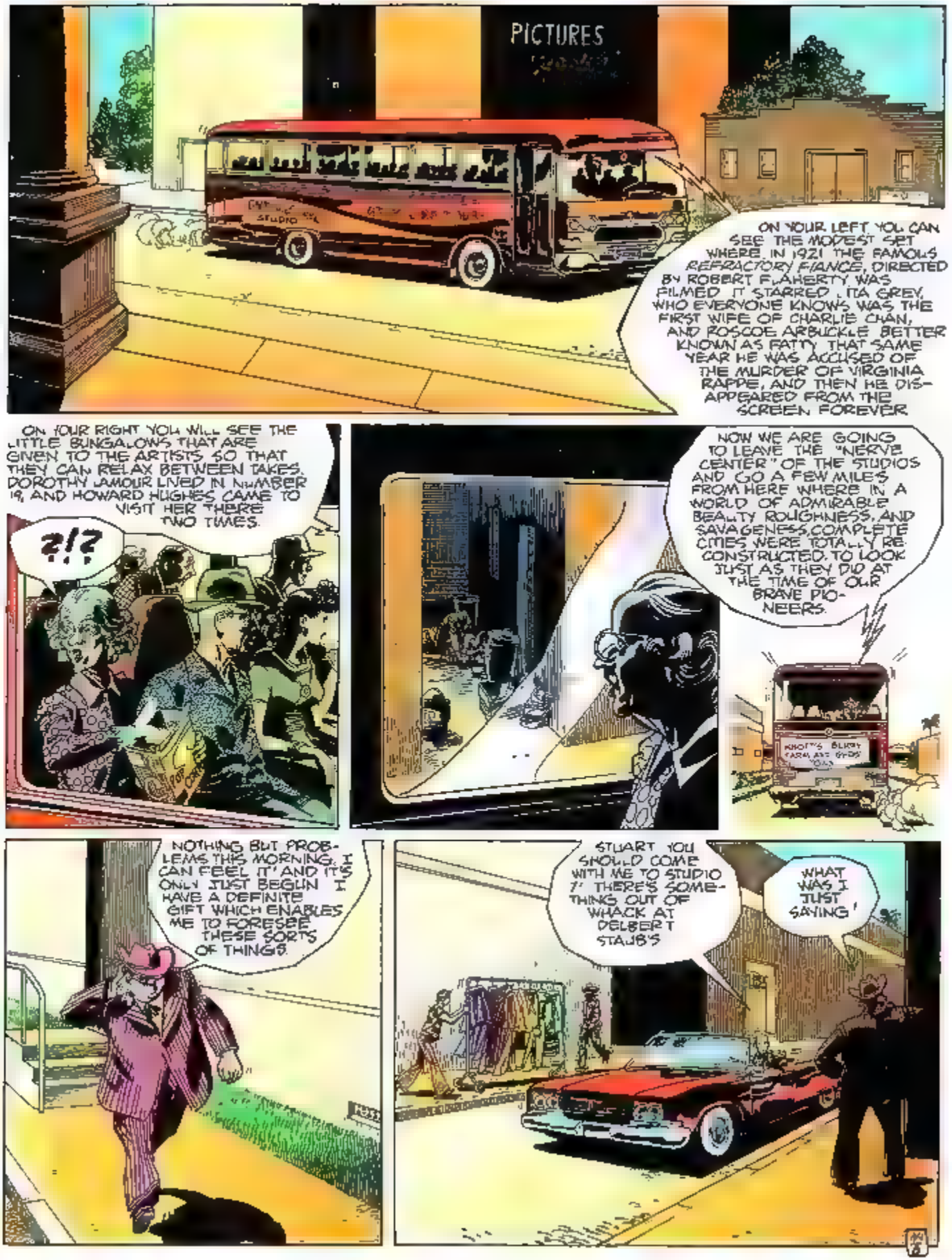
BUT THERE IS ONE DIFFICULTY YOU KNUCKLEHEAD, AND IT'S A BIG ONE! IT'S VERY NICE TO HAVE THE COORDINATES, BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GO ABOUT PROGRAMMING THEM? DO YOU HAVE QUALITY EQUIPMENT?

QUALITY EQUIPMENT? YOU MAKE ME LAUGH WITH YOUR "QUALITY EQUIPMENT"! WELL, ER, NO, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT WITH THESE ALIEN SIGNALS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPOSE WORDS THAT ARE INDEXED IN THE SHIP'S LIST

BY THE GOD OF FOOLS I'M SCARED! WHERE DID THIS KEYBOARD COME FROM AXLE?
DON'T WORRY LITTLE CLOWN YOU KNOW THE SILVER DOLPHIN IS FULL OF SURPRISING RESOURCES AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES ARE INFINITE
SHUT UP, THEN! SYMBOLS OUTLINED ON THE PARCHMENT BY THE COMPUTER COMPARED WITH THE KEYBOARD! DON'T TELL ME THAT THEY ARE THERE!
YES!
LET'S GO! THERE MUST BE AN EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS
AN EXPLANATION? BOY, I HOPE SO DID YOU SEE YOUR CATERPILLAR'S HEAD?
NO WHY?
ONCE IN A WHILE IT LOOKS AT US ON THE SLY. I SURPRISED IT A MINUTE AGO AND I'D SWEAR THAT
IT WAS MAKING FUN OF US, AXLE!
THE STRANGLER TAKE THREE HUNDRED FORTY-TWO ACTION!
SILENCE PLEASE EVERYWHERE! WE'RE FILMING!
KLAP!
CO2
THE BOSTON STRANGLER
342
GO AHEAD INGRID WALK FORWARD AND SWING YOUR POCKETBOOK

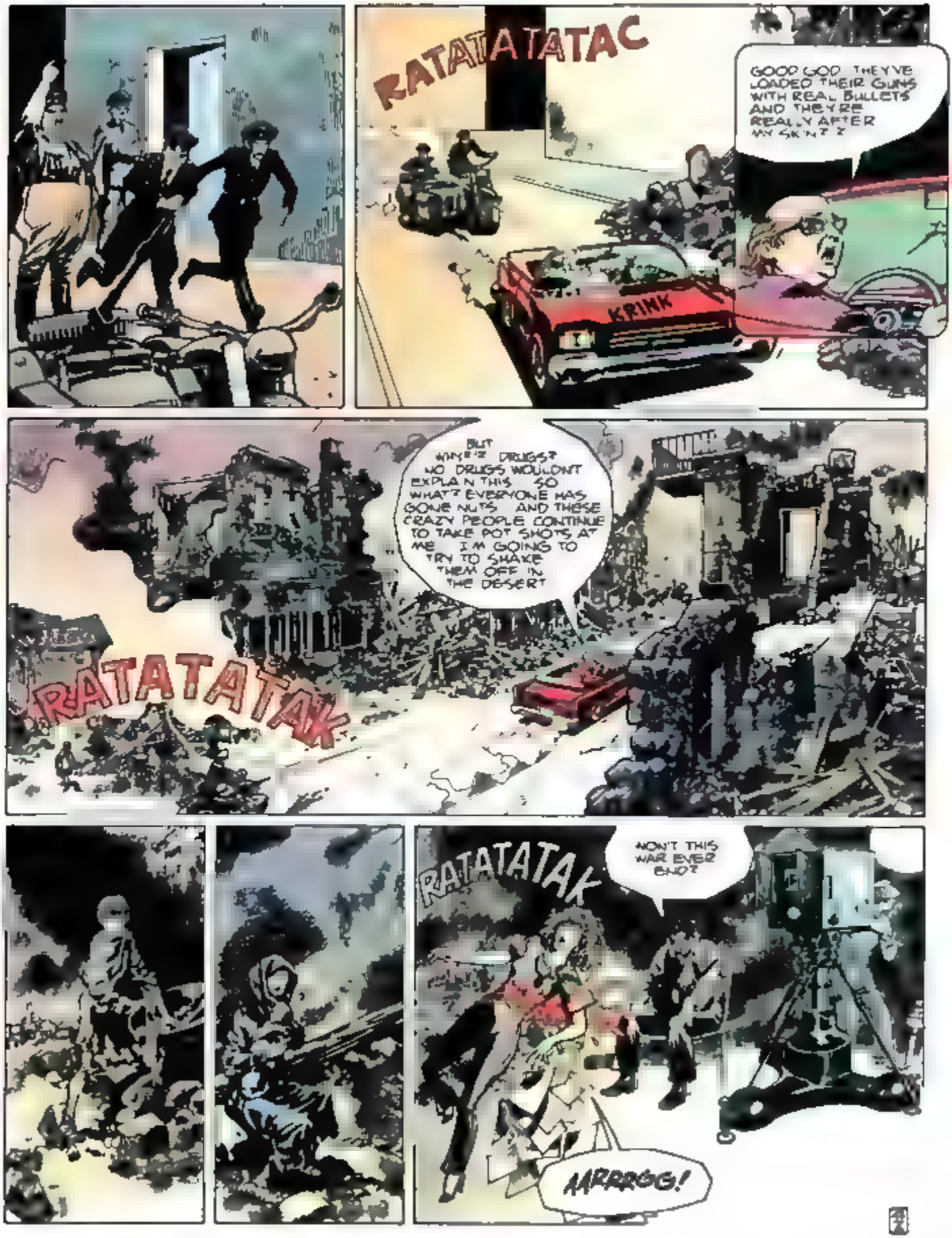
AAIIIIIII!
AGGHHH!
THAT'S GOOD, EBERHART VERY GOOD! BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO ANOTHER. TAKE THE POLE WAS IN THE WAY
RRGHHH...
THAT'S ENOUGH, EBERHART! C'MON WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING? STOP YOUR FOOLING AROUND! I SAID WE HAVE TO REDO THAT TAKE!
GOOD GOD! HE'S GONE CRAZY!
HELP ME CONTROL HIM!
THIS LUNATIC IS STRANGLING HER TO DEATH!
IT'S GOOD TO THOROUGHLY GET INTO YOUR ROLE LITTLE ONE. VERY GOOD! BUT, DON'T GO OVERBOARD, OKAY?
DRIIIKNING

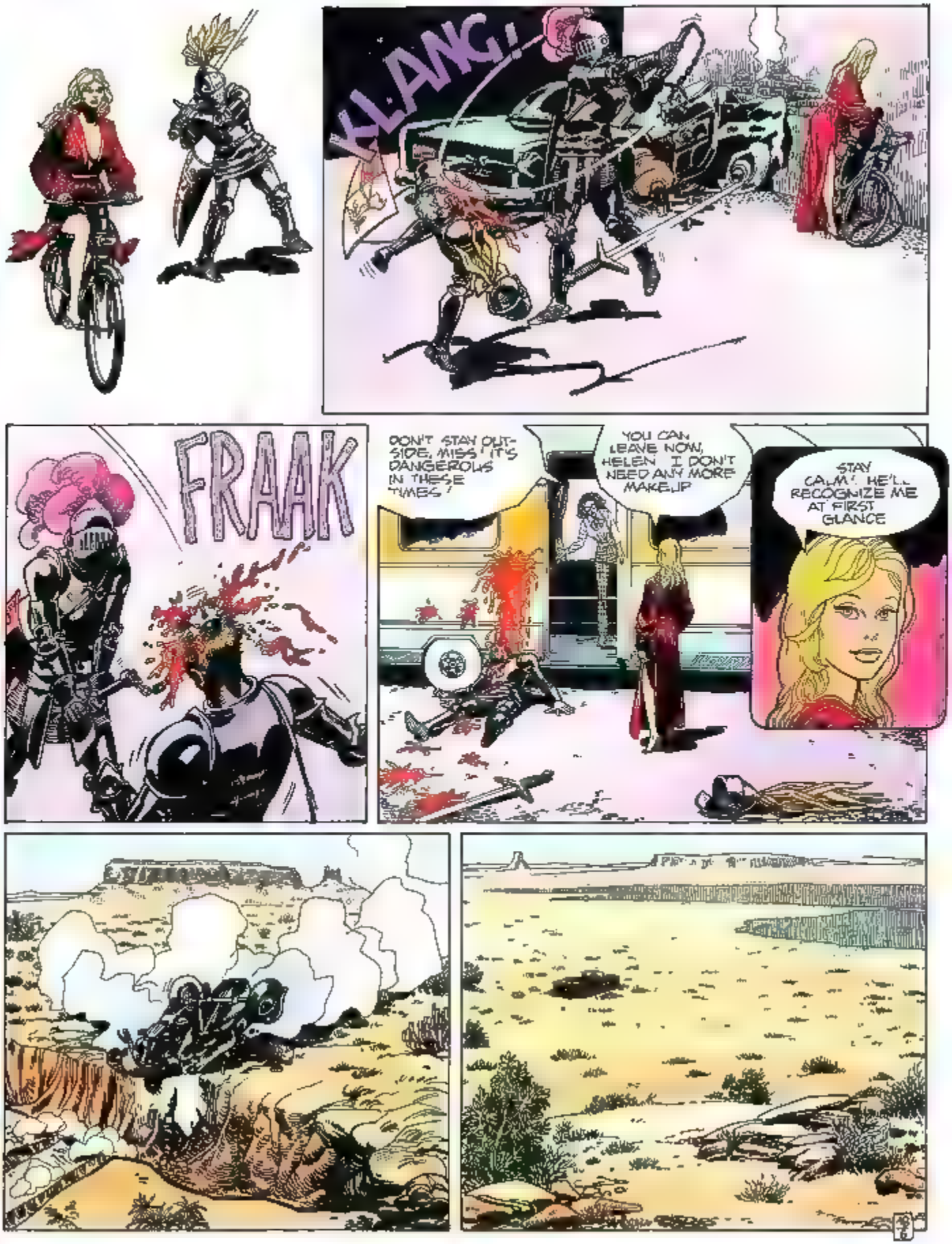

HELLO HUH? WHO'S THAT? RON EBERHART? HE WHAT? HE STRANGLED HER?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT GOT INTO ME, BOSS! I SUDDENLY WASN'T MYSELF! I WAS HM DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THE OTHER ONE THE STRANGLER I HATED HER, AND NOTHING ELSE MATTERED SO I SQUEEZED SQUEEZED SQUEEZED
DID HE HAVE SOMETHING AGAINST INGRID?
THEY DIDN'T EVEN KNOW EACH OTHER!
HOW'S SHE, DOCTOR?
SHE'LL COME OUT OF IT BUT I CAN'T TELL HOW MUCH DAMAGE WHAT ARE THEY DOING WITH THAT AMBULANCE?
SAY THERE YOUR BEAST HAS A TERRIBLY STARVED LOOK TO HER AT THE RATE SHE'S GOING, SHE WILL HAVE TURNED INTO A MUMMY, TOO
IT'S NECESSARY TO NOURISH ITS DREAMS WELL, LITTLE CLOWN WITH ITS BLOOD ITS GUTS, AND THE REST
WHAT SHOULD WE DO, STUART? CALL THE COPS?
ONE SECOND! WHERE DID THAT CRAZY EBERHART GO?
HE RAN THAT WAY WHILE THEY TOOK INGRID OUT
RON EBERHART WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT? I ALMOST DON'T RECOGNIZE YOU! RON STOP! YOU'RE SCARING ME

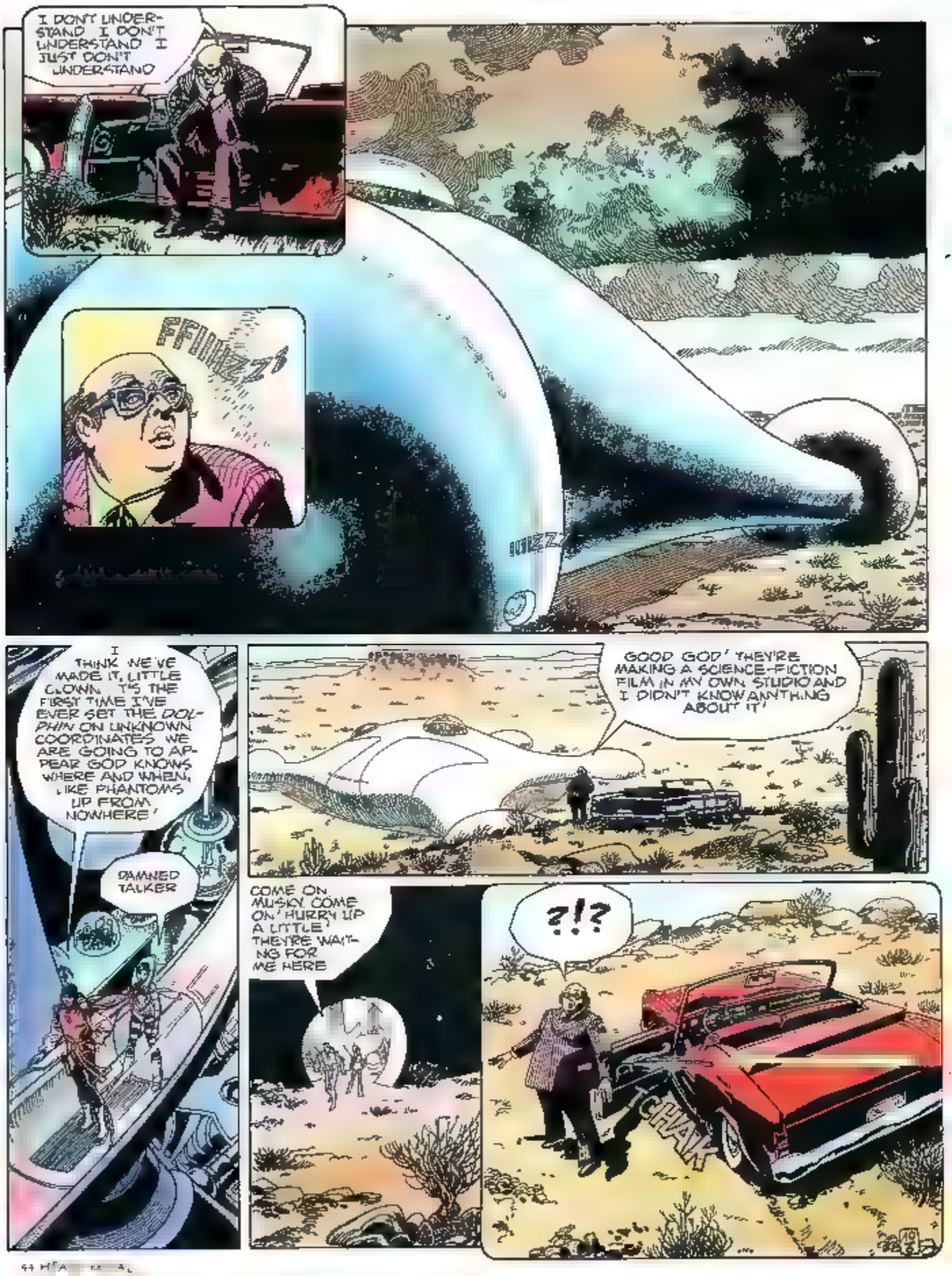

PICTURES
ON YOUR LEFT YOU CAN SEE THE MODEST SET WHERE, IN 1921 THE FAMOUS REFRACTORY FIANCE, DIRECTED BY ROBERT FLAHERTY WAS FILMED. IT STARRED LITA GREY, WHO EVERYONE KNOWS WAS THE FIRST WIFE OF CHARLIE CHAN, AND ROSCOE ARBUCKLE BETTER KNOWN AS FATTY THAT SAME YEAR HE WAS ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF VIRGINIA RAPPE, AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED FROM THE SCREEN FOREVER
ON YOUR RIGHT YOU WILL SEE THE LITTLE BUNGALOWS THAT ARE GIVEN TO THE ARTISTS SO THAT THEY CAN RELAX BETWEEN TAKES. DOROTHY LAMOUR LIVED IN NUMBER 19, AND HOWARD HUGHES CAME TO VISIT HER THERE TWO TIMES.
?!?
NOW WE ARE GOING TO LEAVE THE "NERVE CENTER" OF THE STUDIOS AND GO A FEW MILES FROM HERE WHERE IN A WORLD OF ADMIRABLE BEAUTY, ROUGHNESS, AND SAVAGENESS, COMPLETE CITIES WERE TOTALLY RECONSTRUCTED. TO LOOK JUST AS THEY DID AT THE TIME OF OUR BRAVE PIONEERS.
NOTHING BUT PROBLEMS THIS MORNING, I CAN FEEL IT! AND IT'S ONLY JUST BEGUN. I HAVE A DEFINITE GIFT WHICH ENABLES ME TO FORESEE THESE SORTS OF THINGS.
STUART YOU SHOULD COME WITH ME TO STUDIO 7. THERE'S SOMETHING OUT OF WHACK AT DELBERT STAUB'S
WHAT WAS I JUST SAYING!

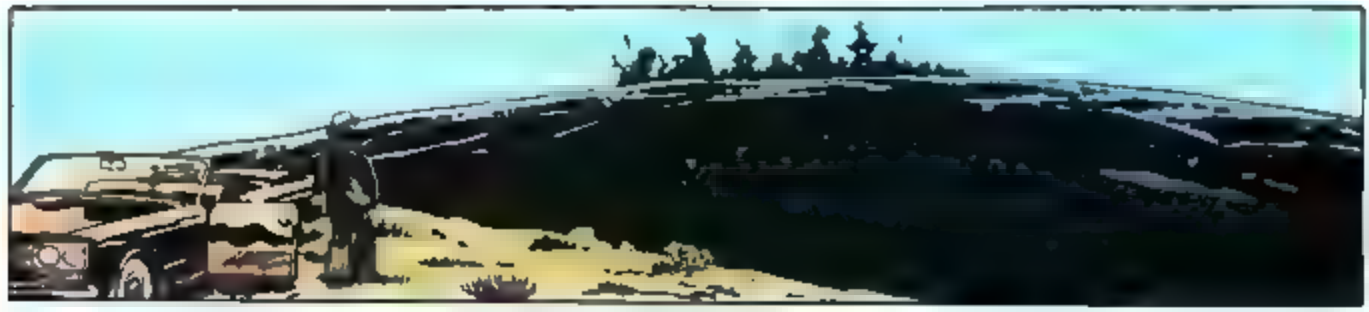
DO YOU UNDERSTAND, STUART? I'VE BEEN HIS BUSINESS MANAGER FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM THAN HIS OWN MOTHER DOES. YOU KNOW HOW MUCH HE HATES FOREIGN LANGUAGES! HE ALWAYS REFUSED TO LEARN ONE, AND I MISSED I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY JUICY CONTRACTS BECAUSE OF THAT!
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE BOTHERING ME?
YES BECAUSE WELL, HOW CAN I EXPLAIN? A MINUTE AGO, HE REPEATED HIS TEXT AND SUDDENLY HE STARTED TO SCREAM AT ME IN GERMAN!
AH, FINALLY THERE YOU ARE, STUART!
I CAME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD. DELBERT YOU ARE PERFECT LIKE THAT! TELL OL STUART WHAT ISN'T GOING RIGHT AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING
THIS!
THIS IS THE PRECISE LIST OF MATERIAL THAT THE FILM'S PRODUCER RENTED AT APPLEBIE'S SUPPOSING THAT EVERYTHING GOES AS SCHEDULED FOR THE SCENE TOMORROW. I WILL DISPOSE OF ONLY FOUR WAGONS A BATTERY OF EIGHT WHEEL TANKS AND HOLD ON! A MOTORCYCLE WITH A SIDE CAR ONE
LISTEN DELBERT OLD PAL. YOUR JOB IS TO ACT THE ROLE OF AL CAPONE BUFFALO BILL OR TODAY, HITLER MINE IS TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING ELSE WHY WORRY ABOUT THIS MATERIAL HUH?
PATAPLAF
BUT IT'S WITH *THAT* THAT YOU WANT ME TO WIN THE WAR!?!

DELBERT! EXACTLY WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I WANT THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS TO BE MADE!
I WANT THE FACTORIES, ALL THE FACTORIES IN THE COUNTRY SET TO PRODUCE MILITARY ARMS AND EQUIPMENT THEY ARE TO BE REQUISITIONED IMMEDIATELY GIVEN OVER TO THE WAR EFFORT AND PUT TO WORK 24 HOURS A DAY. I WANT THE BEST ENGINEERS THE BEST TECHNICIANS TO BE MOBILIZED! CHE FELIX GUE BARDHOUT ON SACHE GUE.
GANZ ANDERS IST JETZT DAS LEBEN IN DEUTSCHLAND! IM DEUTSCHEN KAISERREICH WAREN DIE BEZIEHUNGEN DES STAATES, SOWOHL ZUR KIRCHE ALS AUCH ZUR SCHULE, VON GANZ VEREINZELNEN FALLEN ABGESEHEN.
HEIL HITLER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT IMMEDIATELY MEIN FUHRER
THAT'S GOOD, HERMANN! BUT BEFORE THAT ARREST THAT MAN!
HUH?
THEY'VE ALL GONE CRAZY EVERYONE!
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING HERE! I'M SURE! YES SOMETHING UNHEALTHY MUST BE HAPPENING... BUT WHAT?!?
FOUZZZZZZZZ!!!!

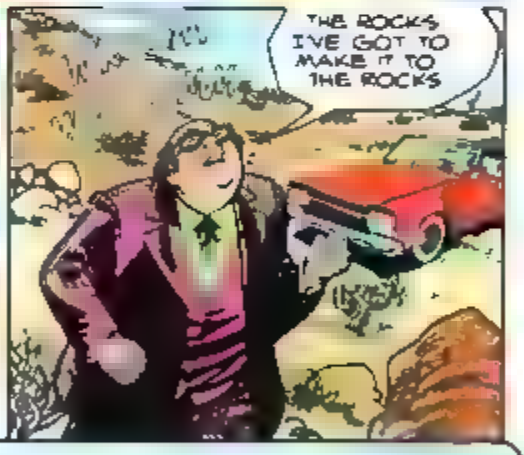

RATATATATAC
GOOD GOD THEY'VE LOADED THEIR GUNS WITH REAL BULLETS AND THEY'RE REALLY AFTER MY SKIN!!
KRINK
BUT WHY!? DRUGS? NO DRUGS WOULDN'T EXPLAIN THIS SO WHAT? EVERYONE HAS GONE NUTS AND THESE CRAZY PEOPLE CONTINUE TO TAKE POT SHOTS AT ME I'M GOING TO TRY TO SHAKE THEM OFF IN THE DESERT
RATATATAK
RATATATAK
WON'T THIS WAR EVER END?
AARRGG!


KLANG!
FRAAK
DON'T STAY OUTSIDE, MISS! IT'S DANGEROUS IN THESE TIMES!
YOU CAN LEAVE NOW, HELEN. I DON'T NEED ANY MORE MAKEUP
STAY CALM! HE'LL RECOGNIZE ME AT FIRST GLANCE


I DON'T UNDERSTAND I DON'T UNDERSTAND I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
FFIUUZZ
BUZZ
I THINK WE'VE MADE IT, LITTLE CLOWN. IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SET THE DOLPHIN ON UNKNOWN COORDINATES. WE ARE GOING TO APPEAR GOD KNOWS WHERE AND WHEN, LIKE PHANTOMS UP FROM NOWHERE!
DAMNED TALKER
GOOD GOD! THEY'RE MAKING A SCIENCE-FICTION FILM IN MY OWN STUDIO AND I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
COME ON MUSKY, COME ON! HURRY UP A LITTLE! THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME HERE
?!?
TCHAK



THERE'S GOING TO BE A ROW OVER THERE. THE MAN IS TRYING TO MAKE HIS VEHICLE'S MOTOR START BUT HE CAN'T DO IT
POOH THE TECHNOLOGY ON THIS PLANET DOESN'T SEEM VERY ADVANCED PRE OR POST NUCLEAR
'TS ALL OUT PITIFUL



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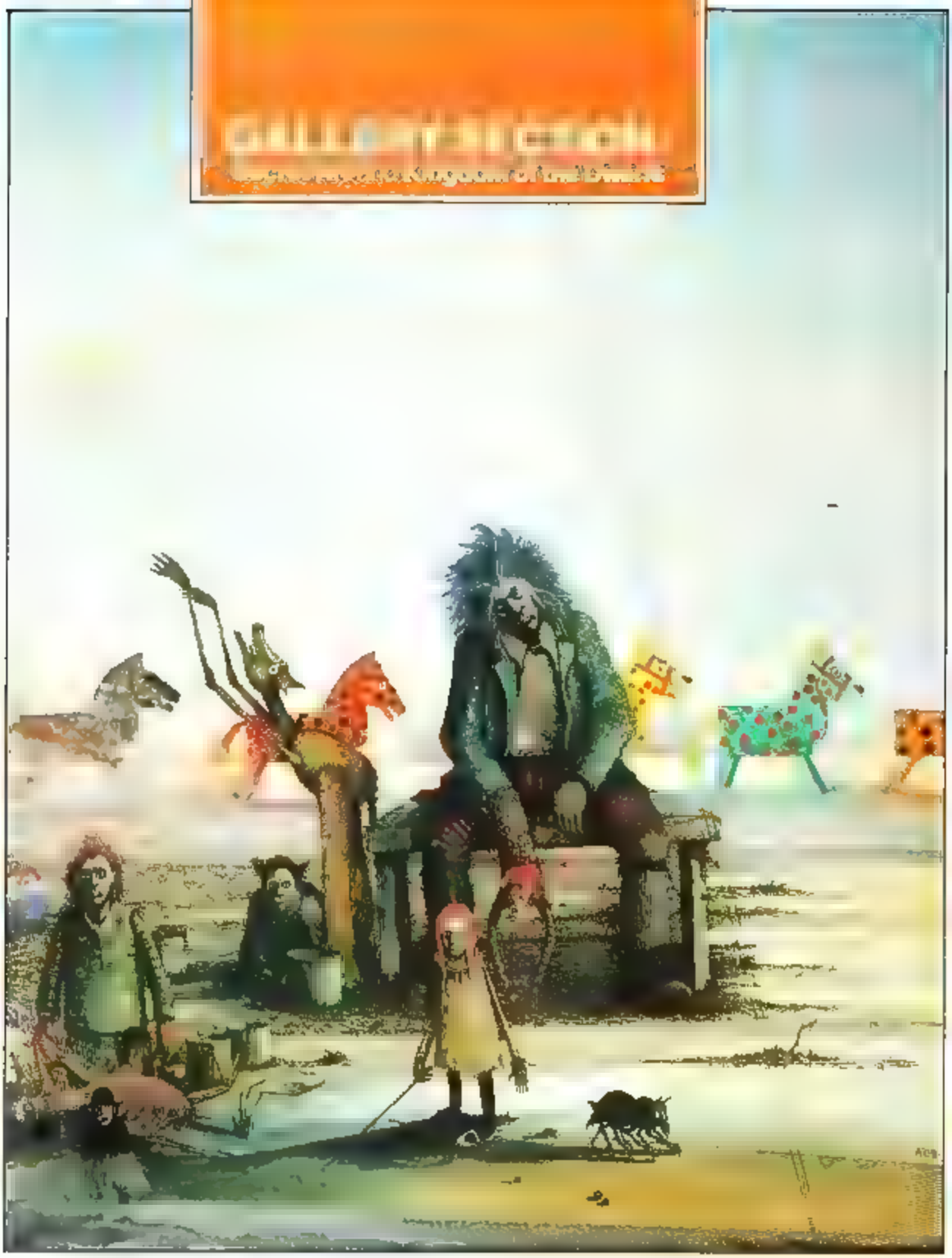


Secret Art
by Ian Miller.
Verse by Barry King.

Ian Miller lives in Brighton, England. He has illustrated book covers for the likes of H G Wells, Lovecraft, and Tolkien. Someone once said of him: "His stories reflect the Gothic towers, secret labyrinths and bizarre characterizations of Peake or Tolkien; his heroes undertake the same hopeless quests as those who meander through the sinister tales of Kafka."

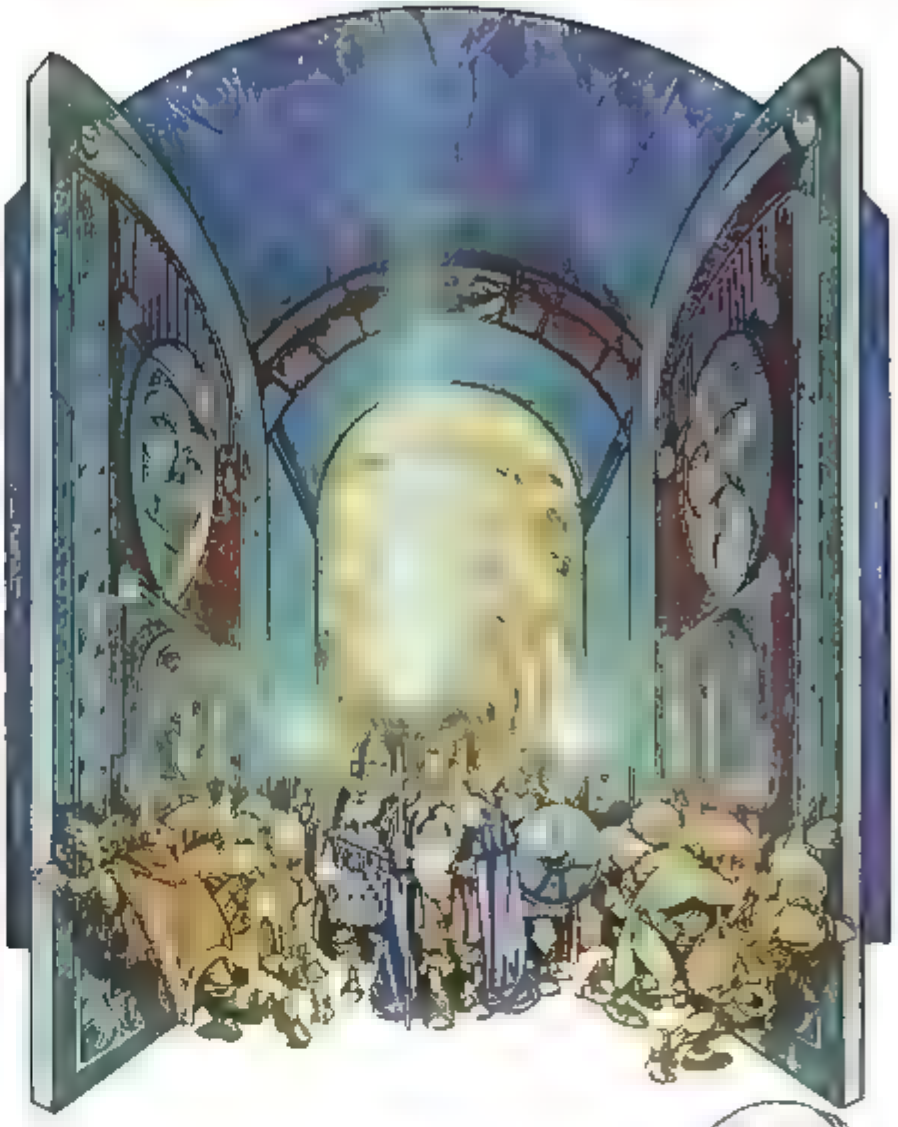
The last dive down,
the monuments, battlements and figures of a coward's dream
swept clean and . . . nothing!
The emptied battlements, the cities unmanned,
the stinking and deserted trenches
where crows' voices sound without crows

Secret Art

When I came forth this morning
the sun on me did shine
Creation fell upon its knees
the going looked real fine

Kingdom of the Dwarfs

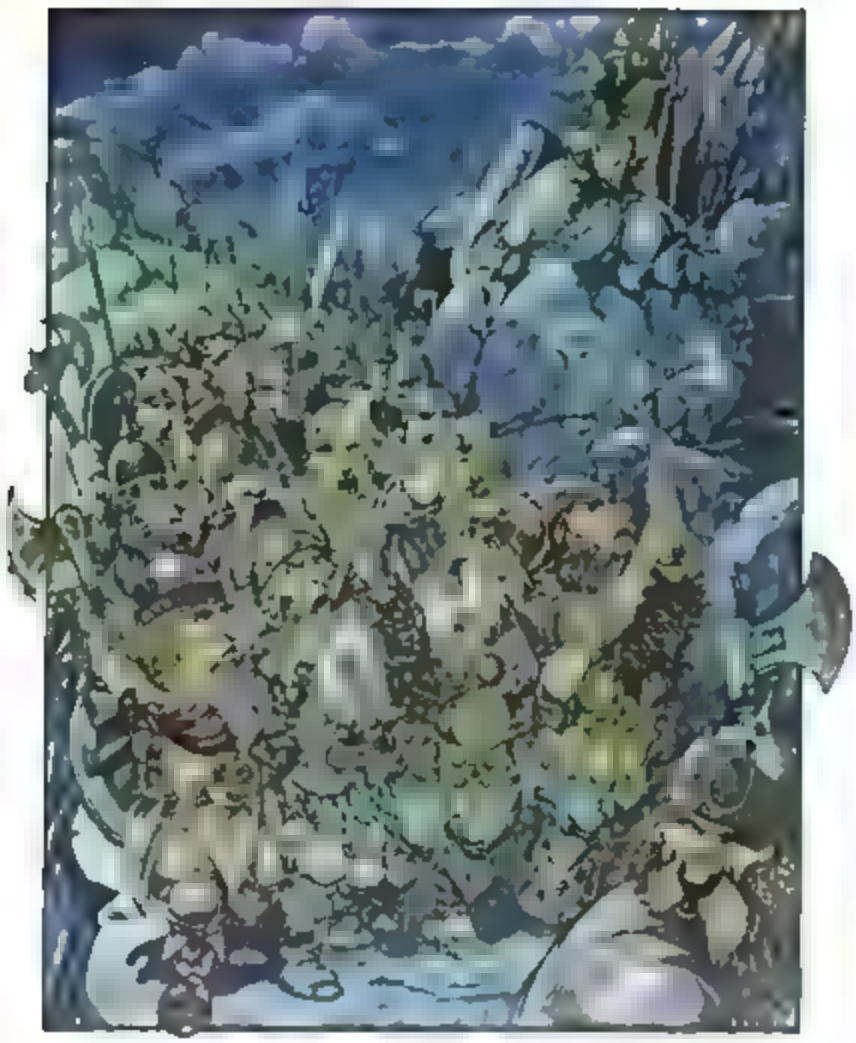
by Robb Walsh
and David Wenzel .

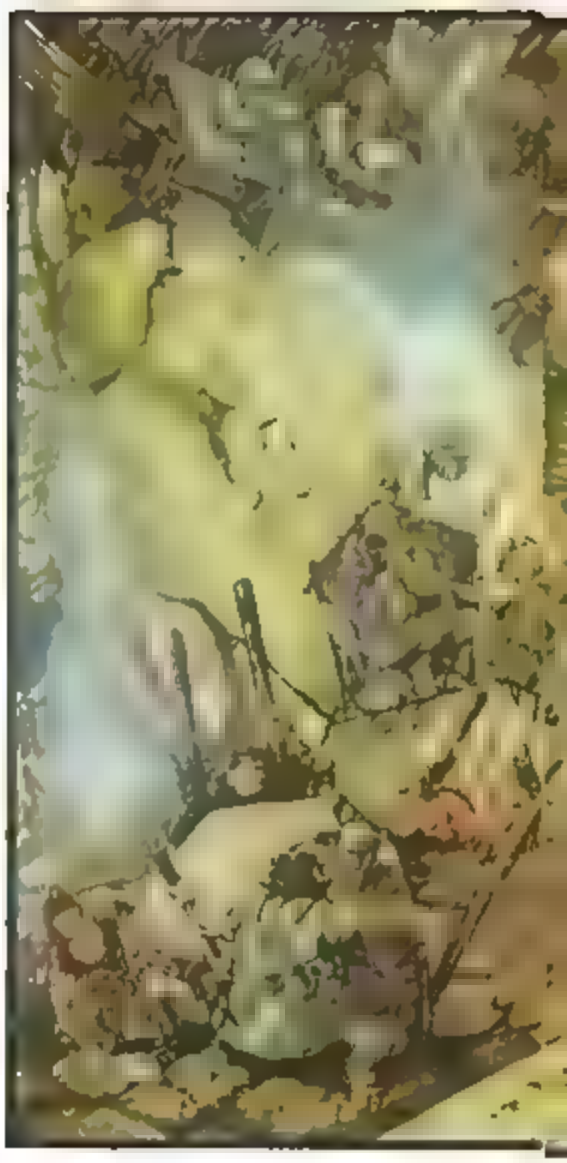


Throughout the world, stone monuments and the crumbling remains of ancient cities remind us of an advanced race that ruled the earth before the rise of modern man. Monuments like Stonehenge, the perfect astronomical clock built in 3500 B.C. and cities like those of the Indus Valley civilization have captured the imagination of scholars and given rise to intriguing speculation.

Who were the ancient astronomers and city builders?

According to the theories of Dr. Egil Dvaergen, a Norwegian anthropologist they were the ancient race of dwarfs. Born with a congenital spinal defect, Dr. Dvaergen is himself a "dwarf," and because of his affliction he became interested in the dwarfs of ancient art and literature. Dvaergen points to the Hindu Vedas, in which the invading Aryans describe the overthrow of the Indus Valley cities' native dwarfs, and to the wall paintings of Egypt, which depict dwarfs working with metals, in order to support his assertion that the dwarf civilization was subjugated by savage early man.



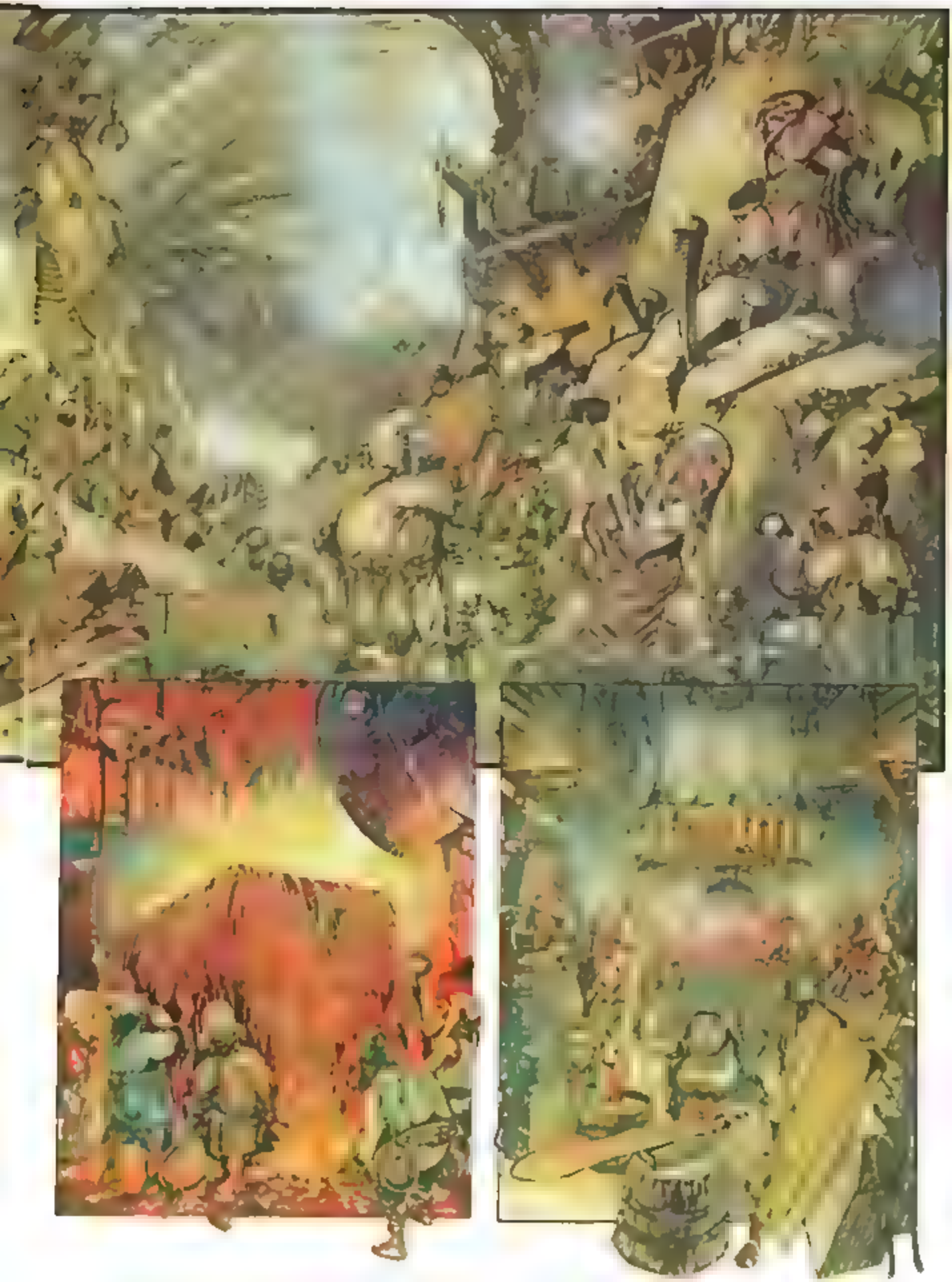


Kingdom of the Dwarfs

Dvaergen concludes that the race of dwarfs continued to live among men, often secluded in the depths of their underground mines, where they were able to perfect the science of metallurgy. Hence, the dwarfs continue to appear in the ancient art and literature of Europe and Scandinavia as makers of magic swords and fashioners of fabulous treasures.

Dvaergen's theories remained unsubstantiated by archaeological proof until a gentleman gardener in Northern England unearthed a curiously marked ancient dagger while enlarging his geranium beds. The dagger was examined by the Royal Academy of Archaeological Sciences, London, which subsequently began an excavation on the grounds of his estate. The excavation team discovered the entrance to a subterranean chamber and the remains of an elaborate underground civilization which called itself "The Kingdom of the Dwarfs."

Dr. Egil Dvaergen, along with illustrator David Wenzel and writer Robb Walsh, conducted an investigation of the site and the artifacts it contained. Their findings have recently been published in a richly illustrated new book from Centaur Books under the title *Kingdom of the Dwarfs*. In detailed artwork, the ornate stoneworks, legendary swords and breathtaking architecture as well as the dwarfs themselves are re-created with all the splendor they once possessed. Writings discovered in the dig enabled the researchers to outline the history of the dwarfs from their "Golden Age," before the rise of man, to their demise at the hands of Christian extremists who viewed their metallurgy and advanced technology as evil magic.



Take Another Look

Meet this month's cover artists.

This month's front cover is actually a reincarnation of the illustration shown above. Burger had to redo his painting *And One More Makes Three* in order to fit the proportions of *HM*

Robert Burger

As I remember, my artistic career began when I was five years old. I have a vivid memory of me sitting in kindergarten class, Crayolas in hand, drawing eight-legged creatures and spaceships from Mars; most likely we were supposed to be drawing turkeys and horns o' plenty for Thanksgiving. At the tender age of twelve, my mother asked me, with some concern, "Why?" At the time I shrugged an "I dunno," and went back to perfecting my four-eyed bats. The best answer I can come up with now, many years later, is that I was exorcising my demons.

-Robert Burger

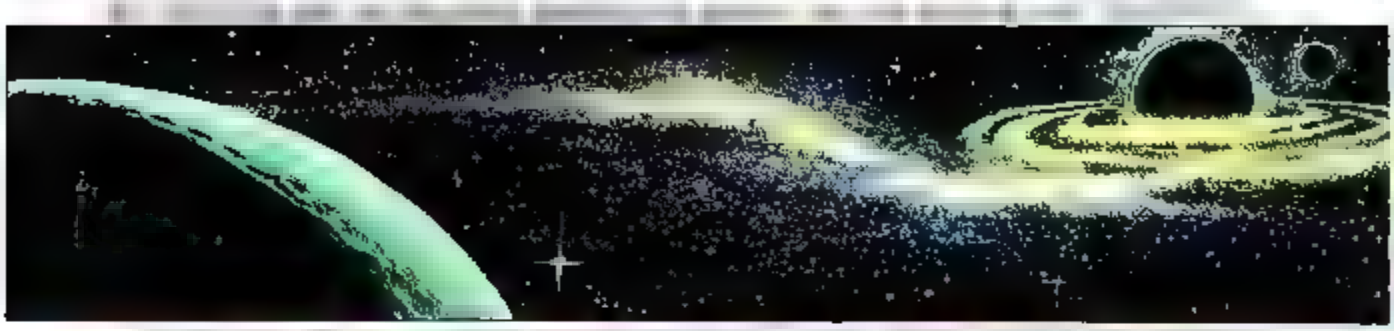
Alan Lynch

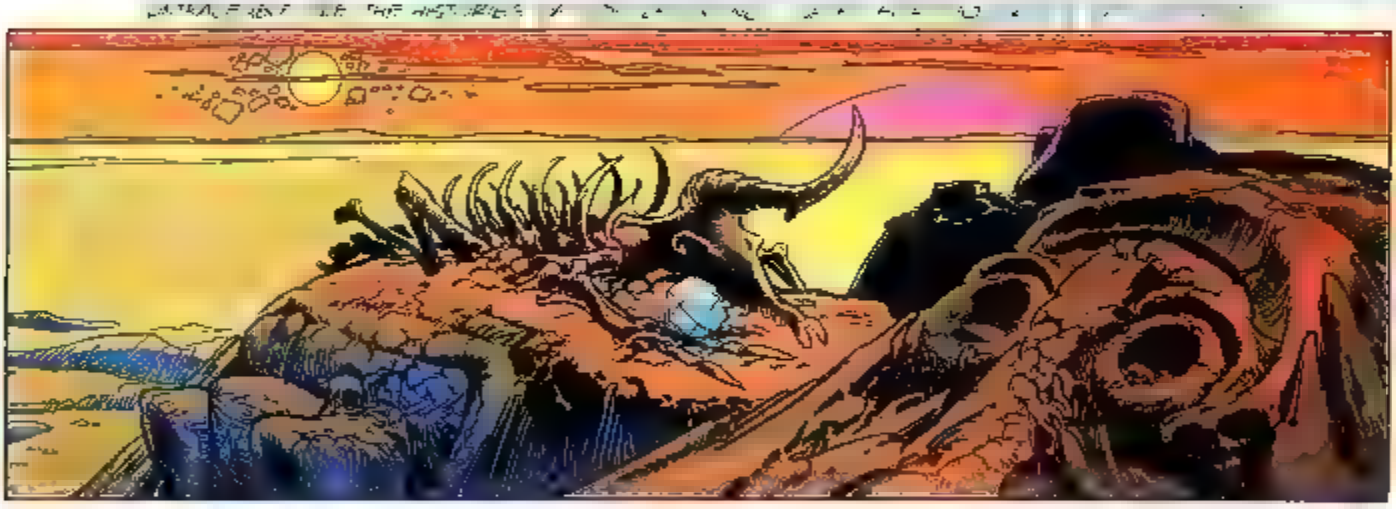
Alan Lynch hails from England and this month marks his debut in *Heavy Metal*. He found the subject of baby robots weird enough to sacrifice normality for just a bit. He is largely influenced by the thirty-five English artists he represents, including *HM* favorites Jim Burns and Angus McKie; collectively they're called Young Artists. He has decided to make New York his home, despite his newfound fear of mechanical babies.

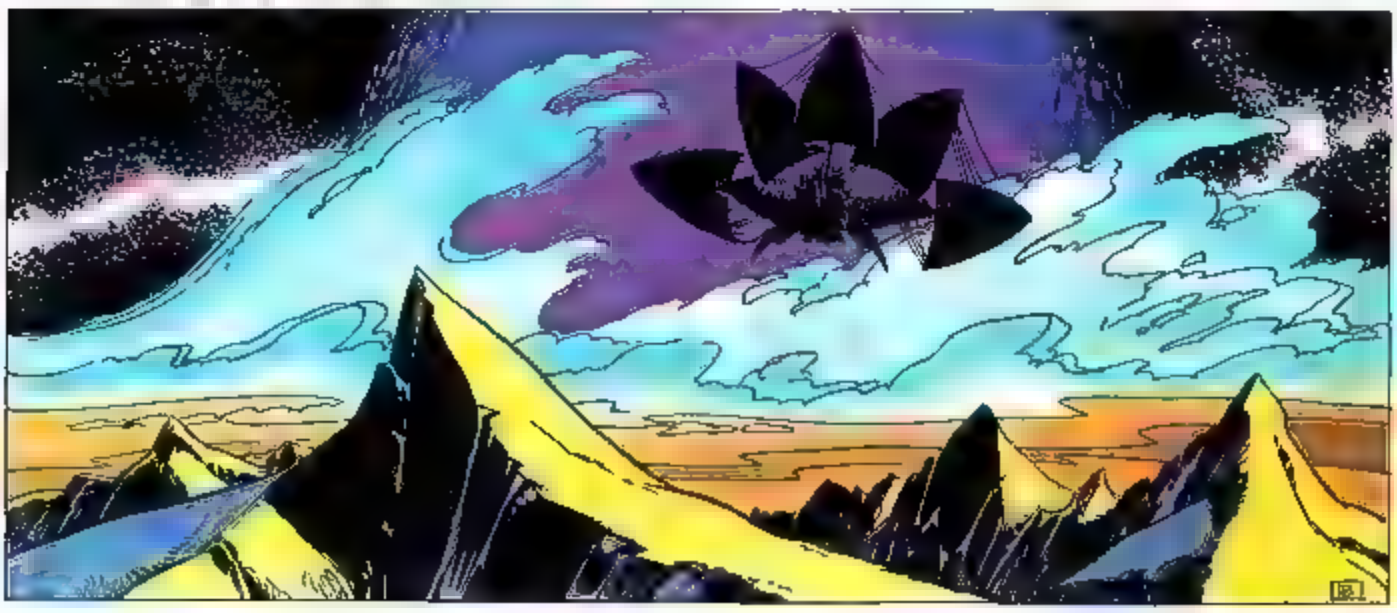
The Ambassador of the Shadows
Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J C Mezières and P Christin
colors E Tran-La
translation L Mitchell

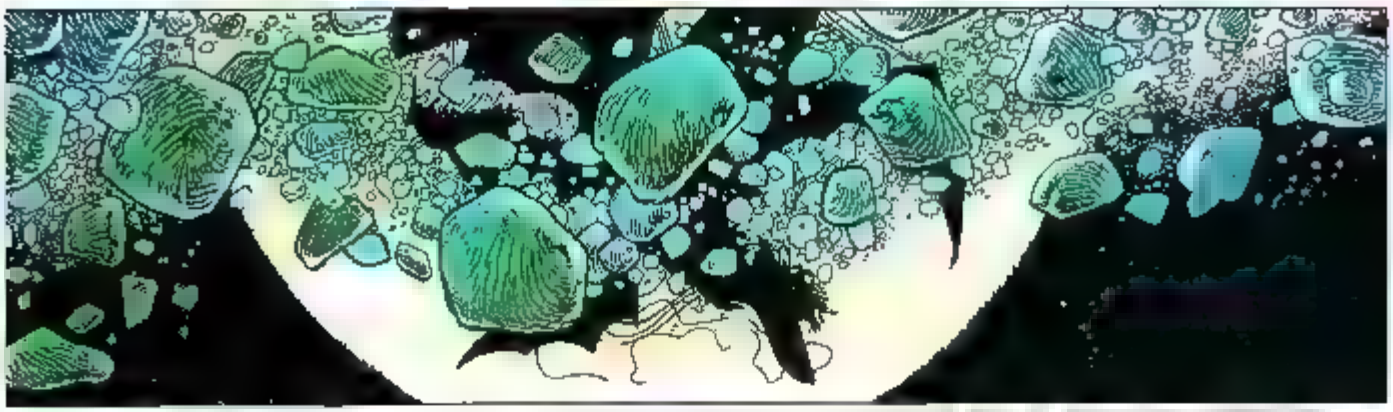
PERHAPS IN THE BOUNDLESSNESS OF RECEDING TIME THE COSMOS WAS DEVOID OF LIFE



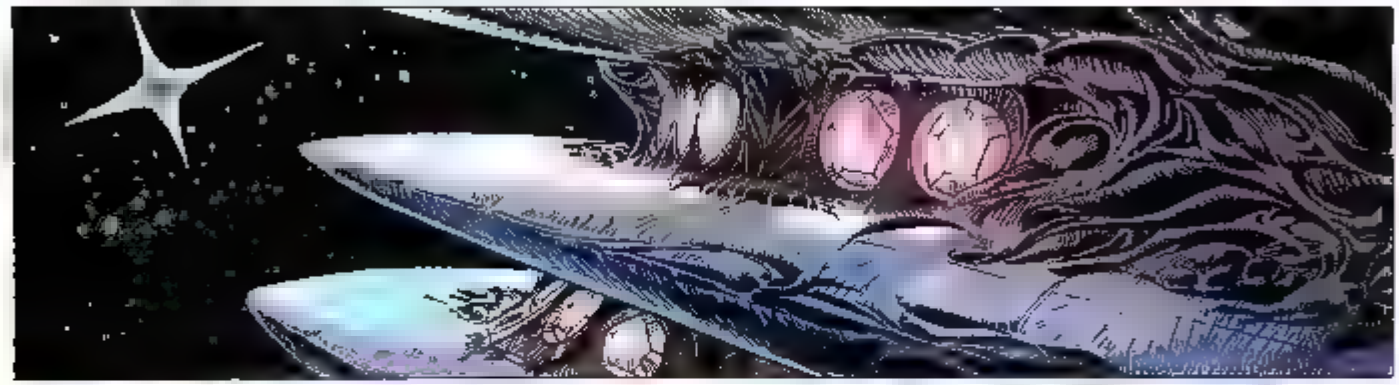




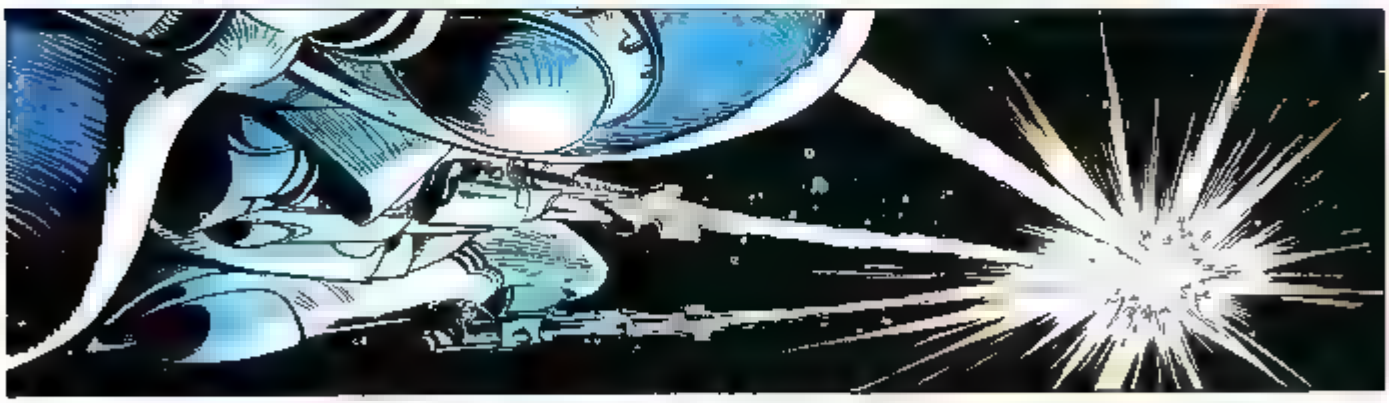
EVEN IF MANY AN ARDENT QUEST HAS ENDED WITHOUT AN ENCOUNTER



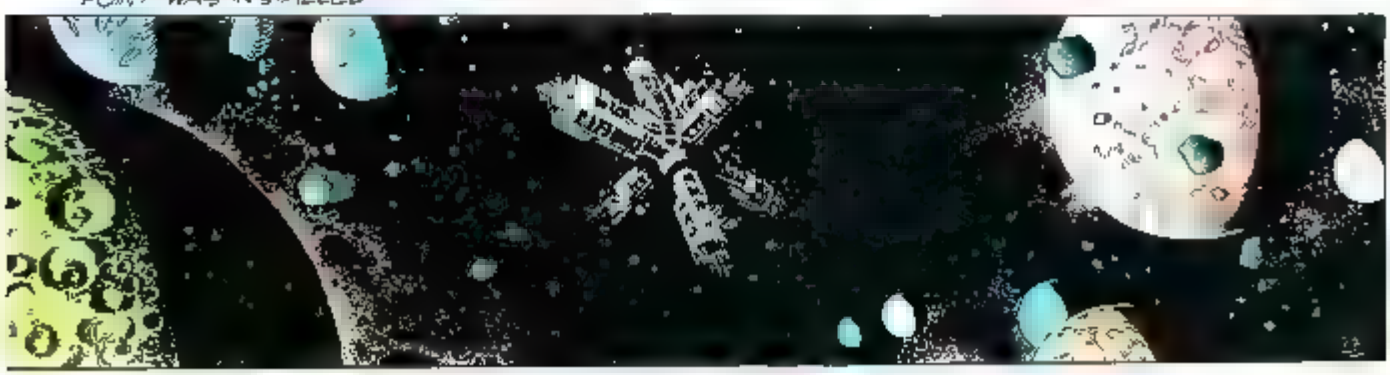
[illegible] COME FROM ELSEWHERE, WERE NONETHELESS [illegible] THE [illegible] NEW NOT WHAT



[illegible] THE FIRST ENCOUNTERS' IRRECONCILABLE WAKE OF [illegible] TERMINATION.



IT IS NO LONGER KNOWN ALL THAT IS CERTAIN IS THAT ONE DAY AT THE CROSSROADS OF THE MOST FREQUENTED PATHS OF SPACE THE FIRST SEGMENT OF WHAT WAS TO BECOME CENTRAL POINT WAS INSTALLED

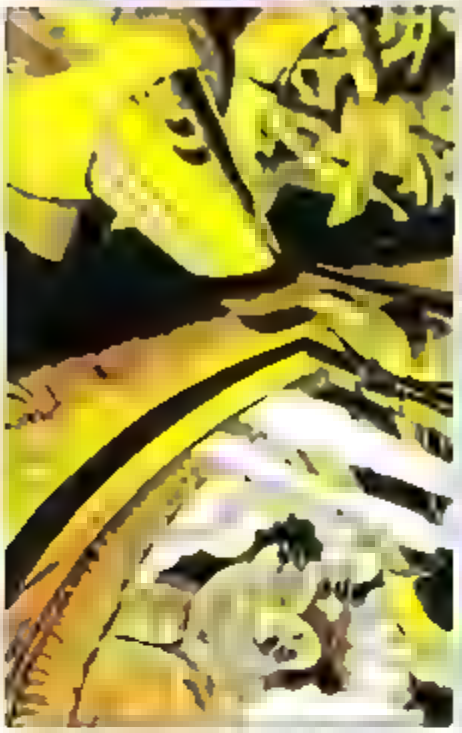


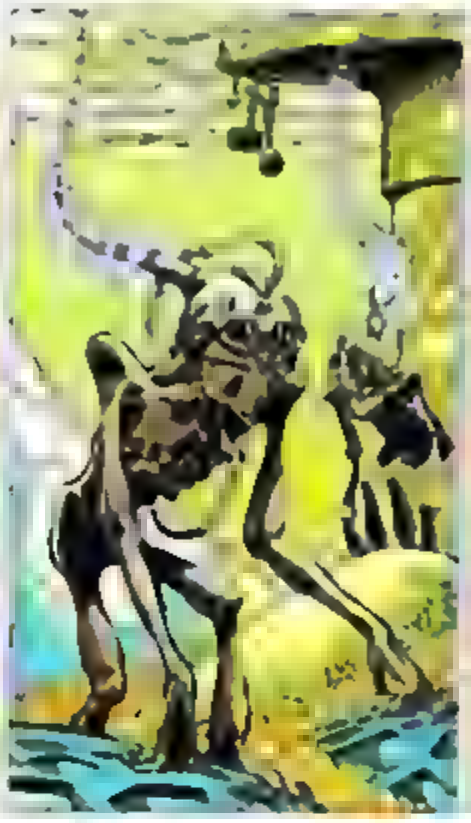
AND WHAT IS ALSO KNOWN IS THAT OTHER SEGMENTS WERE ADDED TO THIS INITIAL CORE

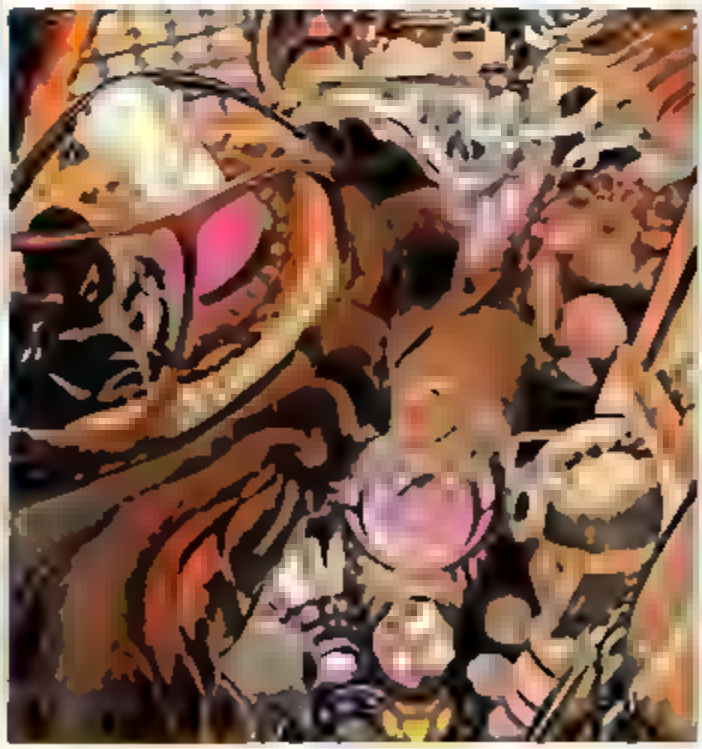
THAT THE WORLDS THAT CAME TO CENTRAL POINT IN SEARCH OF A MEETING PLACE BECAME MORE AND MORE NUMEROUS

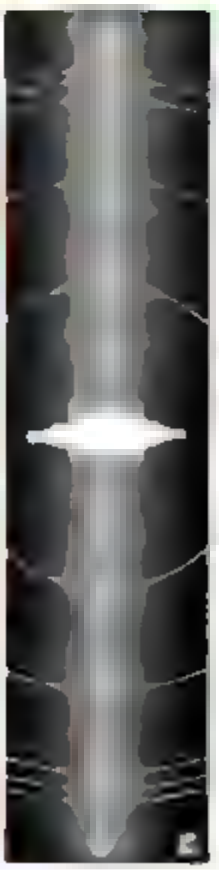
AT TIMES BRINGING WITH THEM AN ENTIRE FRAGMENT OF A UNIVERSE

AND WHAT IS FURTHER KNOWN IS THAT LITTLE BY LITTLE, ALL RESULTED IN CENTRAL POINT









HERE'S CENTRAL POINT MR AMBASSADOR
WE'LL BE LANDING IN.
NO! MEET ME IN MY CABIN FIRST I HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS WITH YOU
SHIT
IMMEDIATELY!
WELL ISN'T HE POLITE. HIS FIRST WORDS ON THE ENTIRE TRIP
YES, SIR!!!
COME ON. JAURELME

I'M AWARE OF BOTH OF YOUR REPUTATIONS AND IF I CHOSE YOU T WASN'T BE CAUSE OF PERSONAL PREFERENCE
T WAS BECAUSE I NEED AGENTS WHO ARE FAMILIAR WITH FOREIGN PSYCHO LOGICAL MAKEUP
AS YOU KNOW FOR THE FIRST T ME IT'S THE EARTH'S TURN TO PRESIDE OVER THE COUNCIL AT CENTRAL POINT WELL I'M ABOUT TO DROP A BOMBSHELL YOU'RE AS AWARE AS I AM OF THE INCOHERENCE AND INCOMPETENCE THAT TYPIFY THE SPACE ADMINISTRATION WELL I INTEND TO PUT A LITTLE ORDER INTO TS AFFAIRS
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU NEVER MENTIONED US BEFORE WE LEFT
OBVIOUSLY NOT THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU T BE INFORMED LET ME REMIND YOU THAT YOU ACCOMPANY ME MERELY AS BODYGUARDS
IN THAT CASE IF I'M JUST TO ACT AS YOUR SHIELD I'D BETTER GO GET MY BLASTER NO NEED FOR SPEECHES
STAY RIGHT HERE! AND LISTEN TO ME
UH I'M LISTENING
AHEM YES T'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTINUE WITH BUSINESS AS USUAL IMPOSSIBLE TO CARRY OUT METHODICAL EXPLORATIONS THE SPACE ROUTES ARE UNSAFE AND ALL MANNER OF RIFFRAFF HAVE FAILED TO COMPREHEND THAT THE EARTH'S RISING INFLUENCE MEANS THE DAWNING OF A NEW ERA
OUR TECHNOLOGICAL POTENTIAL ENSURES US ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY I'M THEREFORE GOING TO PROPOSE A FEDERATION
WITH US AS THE KEYSTONE
AND POLICE
LET'S SPEAK INSTEAD OF OUR CIVILIZING INFLUENCE MY FRIEND BELIEVE ME NUMEROUS PEOPLES UNCONSCIOUSLY HOPE WE'LL ACT
UNCONSCIOUSLY? BULLSHIT
IT'LL BE ROUGH GOING EVEN THOUGH WE HAVE A FEW ALLIES OUT THERE AND UH
A FEW N SOLDIERS F WE WHERE

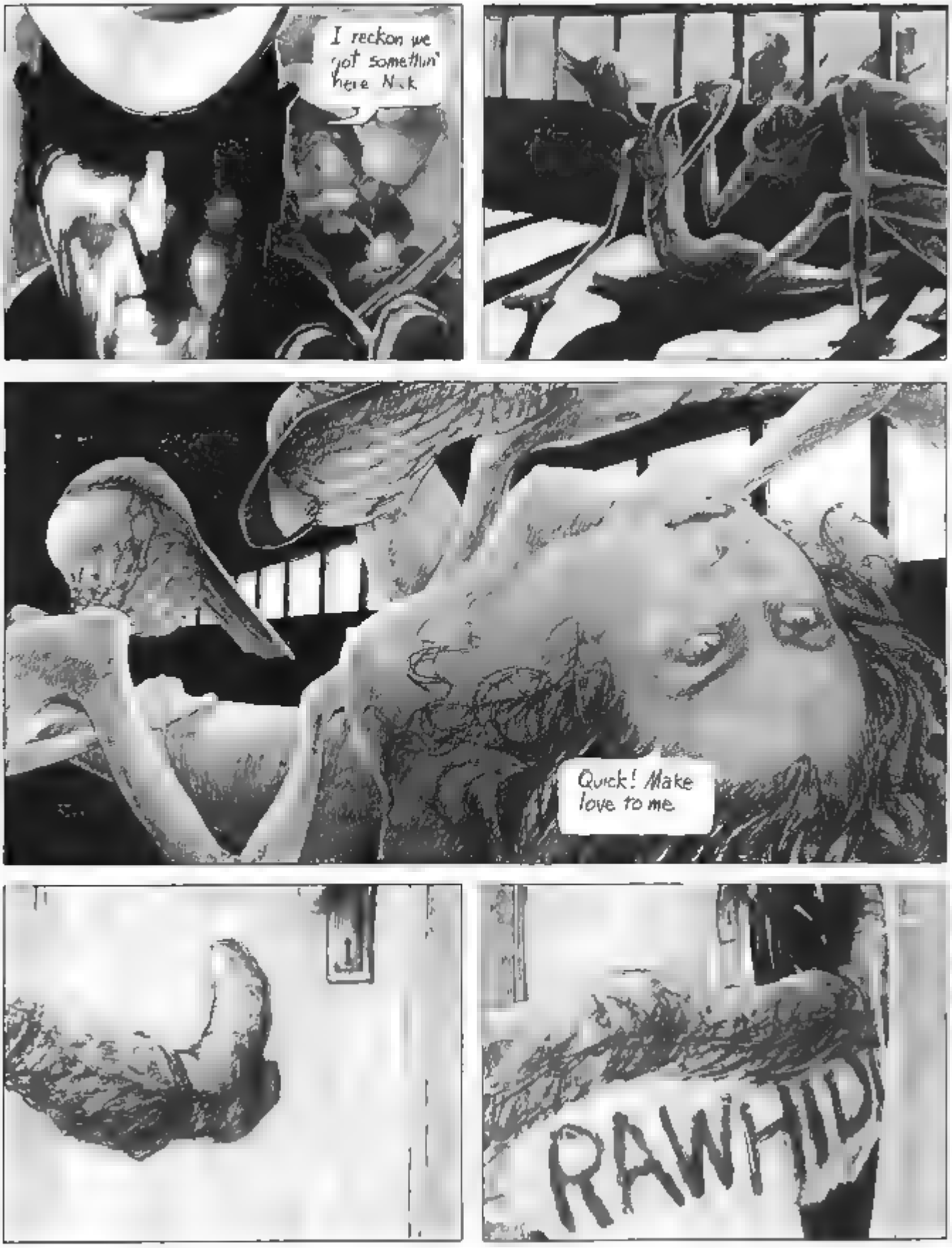
BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LOTS OF THINGS TO DO BEFORE THE COUNCIL MEETS IN ORDER TO STACK THE DECK IN OUR FAVOR. YOU'RE TO ACCOMPANY ME AT ALL TIMES AND NEVER LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT
AS FOR YOU, YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSPORTING THESE SECRET FUNDS. IT'S AN ENORMOUS SUM THAT I, WHEN I SPEAK OF A SUM
?
GRRRR
A GRUMPY CONVERTER FROM BLUXTE!
HE'S FROM BLUXTE
IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN ONE CLOSE-UP
THAT'S NOT SURPRISING. HE'S CHARGED WITH AS MUCH ENERGY AS A NUCLEAR GENERATOR. BUT HE'S ALSO A WILY CREATURE. HE COST US TEN EXPLORATORY MISSIONS ON BLUXTE. WE HAD TO MOBILIZE AN ENTIRE EXPEDITION ARMY CORPS DURING HIS SIX MONTHS THE IMAGE LASTED
BUT YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT ON EXTRA POINT THE LACK OF A COMMON CURRENCY MAKES HIM A PRECIOUS ASSET
PRECIOUS YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. WHAT A LITTLE GRUMPY
GRRRR
BAH!
SINCE HIS CAPTIVITY, HE'S BEEN TAKEN IN HAND BY OUR PSYCHS AND WILL OBEY ONLY YOU EVEN IF HE SHOWS A CERTAIN RESISTANCE. OUR ONLY FEAR IS THAT WE DRAW SO HEAVILY FROM HIS RESERVES THAT HE MAY DIE FROM IT
BOUM
PROTECT HIM WITH YOUR LIFE. THAT'S ALL
AN REMEMBER AIRLINE NO PERSONAL INITIATIVE I BE YOU WE CAN
GRRR
OH YOU GET THERE HEY! SO YOU WANT TO BE MEAN?
WHEW WHAT A TOUGH GALAXY TO HANDLE OVER O THIS TIME HERE I AM CONFRONTED WITH ARRIVING CAVE OF A SAFE IN A EMPER
HMM I CAN SEE THAT COHABITATION IS GOING TO BE DIFFICULT NONETHELESS WE'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GET TOGETHER AND GET ALONG WITH ONE ANOTHER DURING HIS MISSION
BESIDES I'LL BE PLAYING TOUGH ON THE AMBASSADOR. YOU'LL SEE I'M SURE HE'S NOT SUCH A BAD SORT UNDERNEATH HIS WORK-WORK-WORK FACADE
LET'S GO. A MOVE ON ALL THE EARTHS REPRESENTATIVES ON CENTRAL PORT MUST BE WAITING FOR US BY NOW I WANT US TO MAKE OUR ENTRANCE WITH CLASS. YOU'LL WALK FIVE STEPS BEHIND ME

DEAR FELLOW,

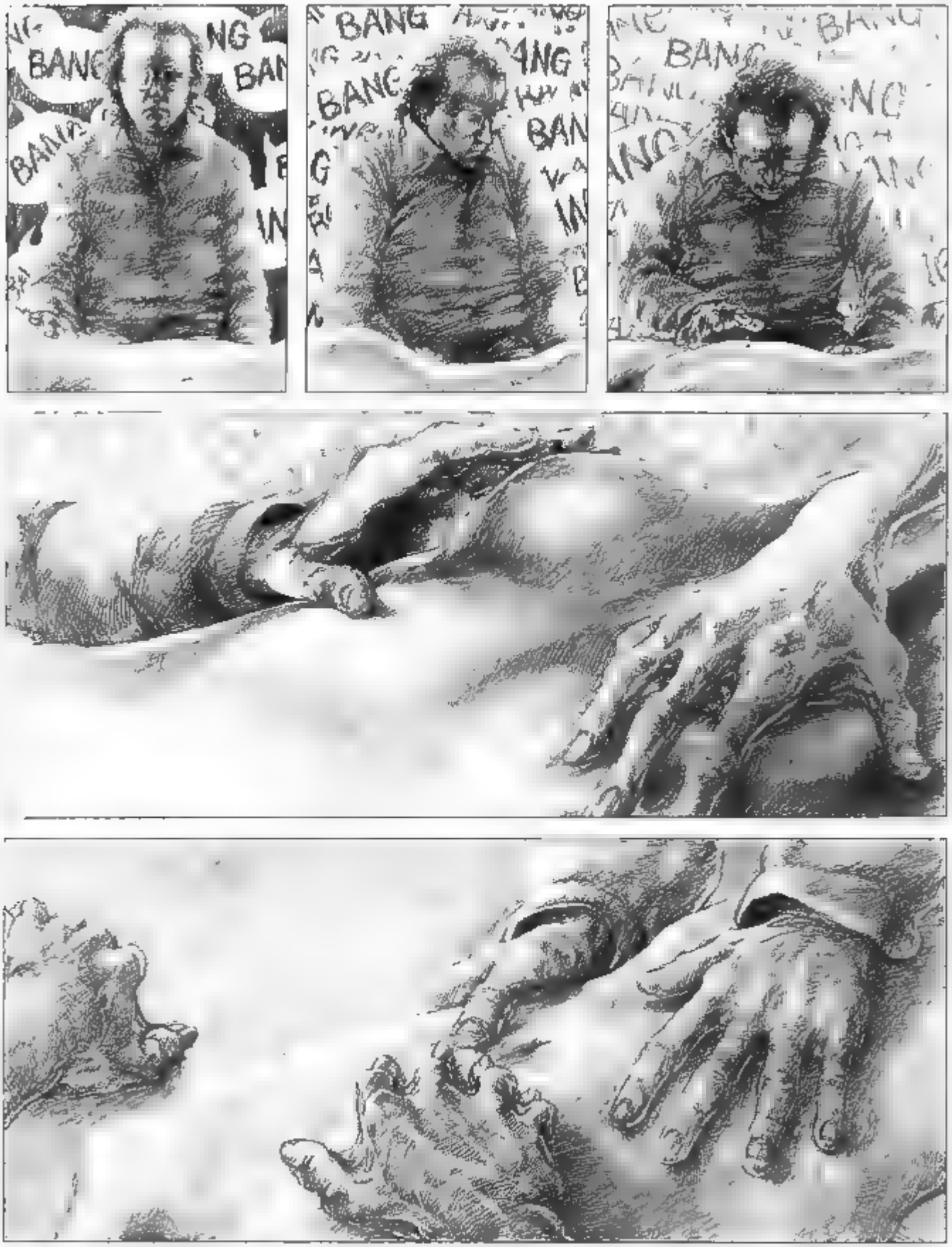
YOUR HELMET!
NOW WHAT A BLOW PROVIDED ACHELINE'S HELMET BUT
THEY'VE KIDNAPPED THE AMBASSADOR!

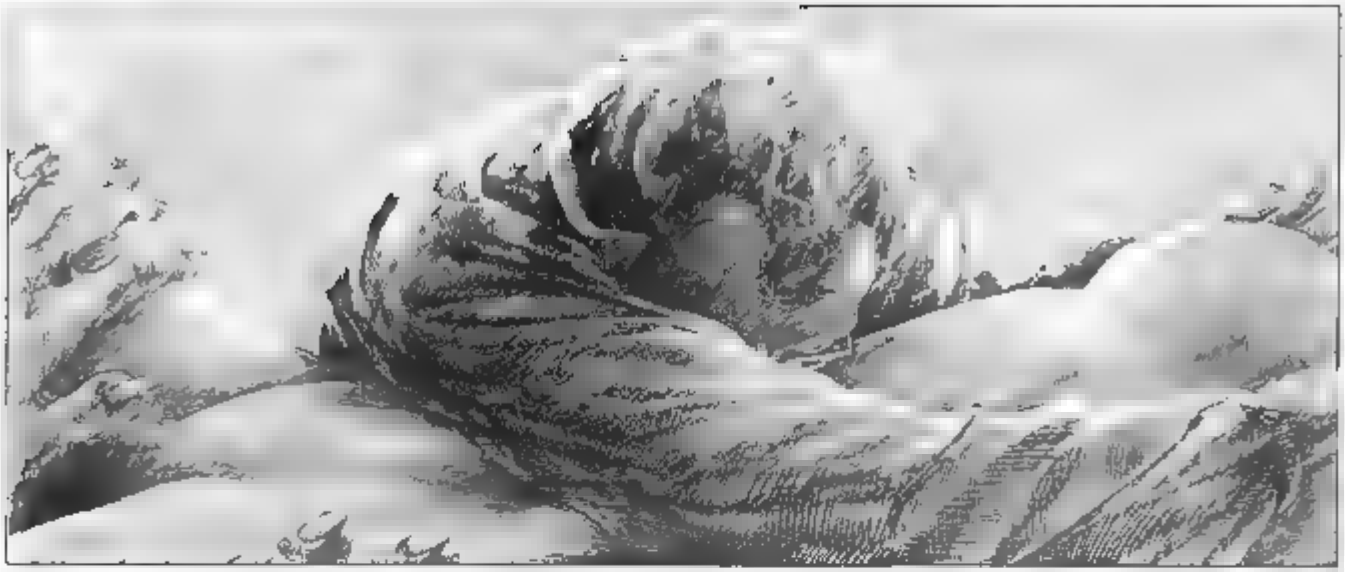
"NEVER LET ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT," HE SAID AND LAURELINE?
WHAT A JOB.
GOOD-BYE LOVE.
THAT WAS A FOOLISH MOVE.
TO BE CONTINUED

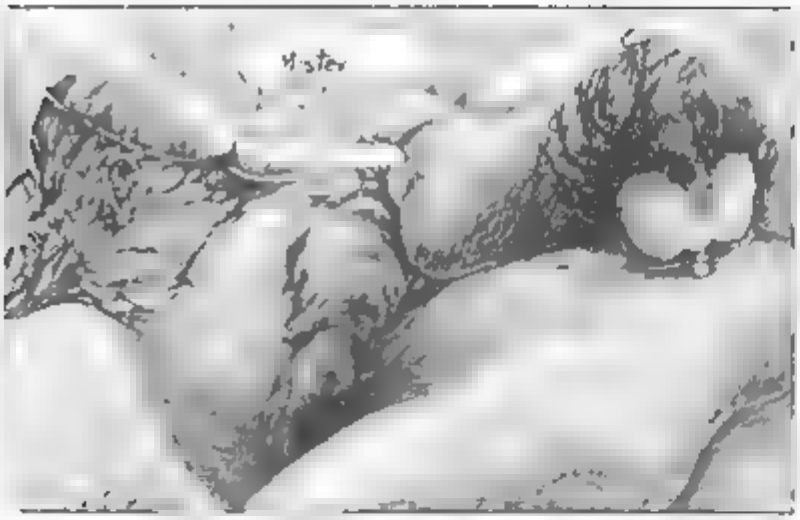
BANG, HAH PART TWO

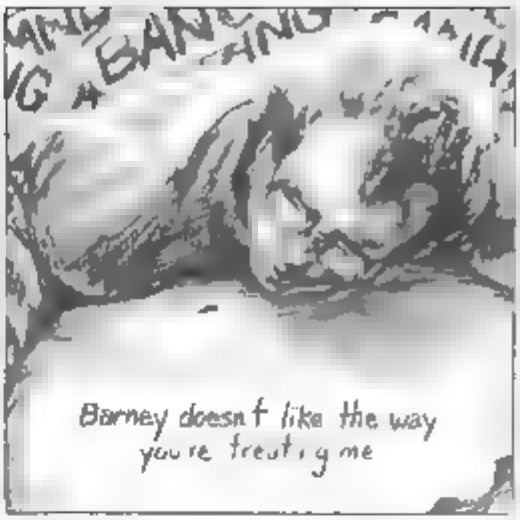

I reckon we got somethin' here Nick
Quick! Make love to me
RAWHIDE

BANG
BANG BANG
BANG BANG
Get the boys! We're gonna need help on this one
BANG BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG


BANG
BANG
BANG




Master


Barney doesn't like the way
you're treating me

BANG

BANG

BANG
BANG
BANG

Hold yer fire, men! I think we got 'em.
Good work
Let's get out of here
I'm dry as dust

It's not easy breaking loose.

They need medical attention
I thought it would be different here if only the turtles hadn't changed
There's no reason to stop trying Just tell me what to do
HAH.
END

The limousine carried us in its gleaming belly through the sulphurous swamps of Newark
Where are you taking me?
To the airport. Then, if you're a good boy, to L.A.
I work for some rich and powerful people. They know about your talent with robots, and they want to hire you.
I'm through with all that. You saw what happened to Quintana.
But--why me?
Hey! Nobody's pressuring you. If you refuse, I'll just blow your head off.
No, I'm sorry! I refuse to deal with this! I'm sick of having guns pointed at me.
Well, then think of the economy--it's going to be hard to find another job at your age.
Who's that?
Oh, he's one of the Black Pandas. They're a Japanese terrorist group.

"Anjin san wish to parrow now?"
We Brack Pan das have seen this movie, Shogun, many times now.
We no rike to see Japanese movies. We rike to see "Dating Game" and "I Ruv Rucy" instead!
I RUV RUCY!
I RUV RUCY!
I RUV RUCY!
"Master, prease arrow me to commit seppuku."
"No. You must riv with the shame- AWK!"
I go now to negotiate with pirot.
"Hello, Lucy I'm home!"
Awww. I arready seen this one.

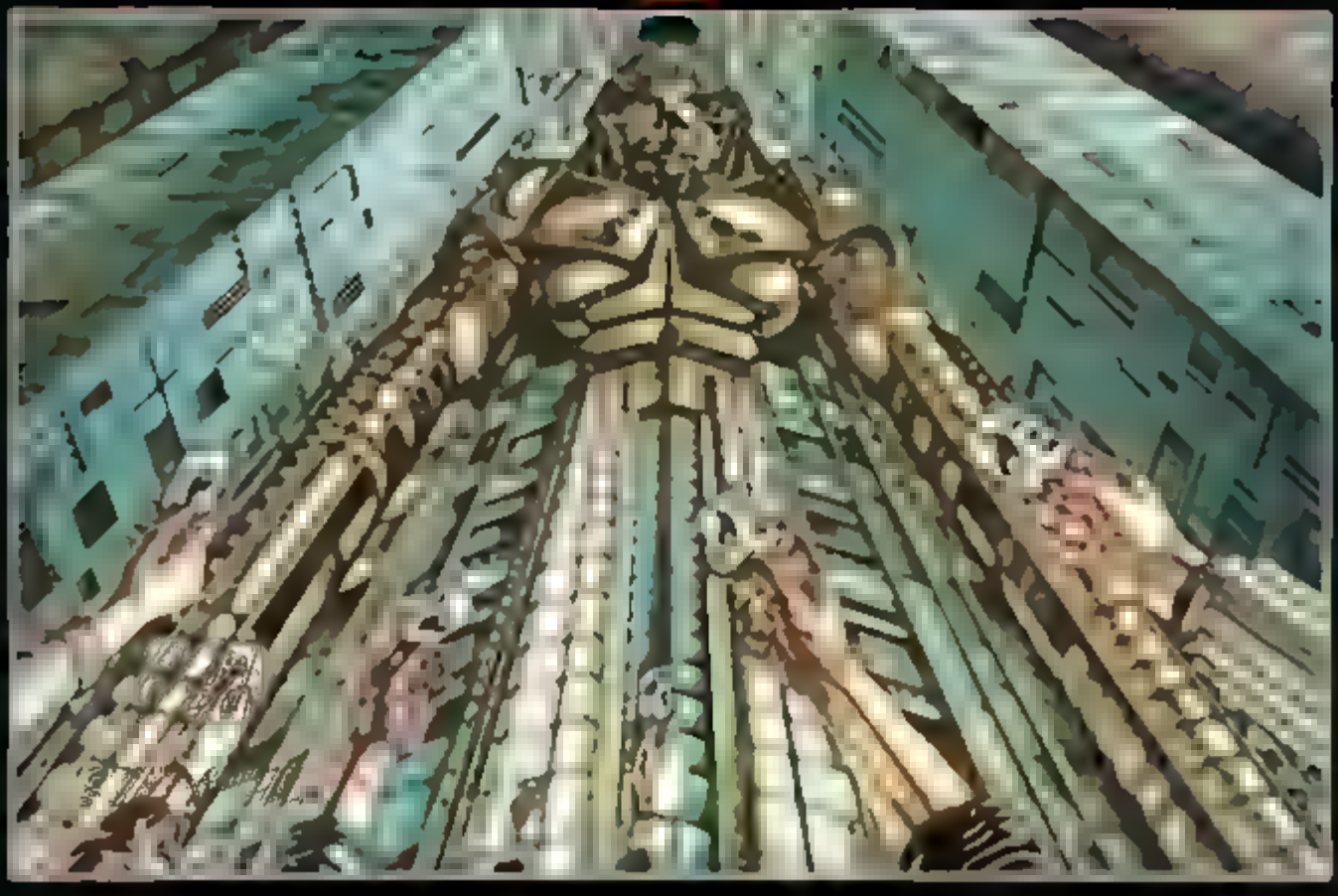
One by one, the other passengers fell asleep until we were the only ones left awake
I read a letter to Pent Up magazine about two people who made love on an airplane
Can you see the lights twinkling all the way down there?
They did it standing up in the rest room.
I wonder what their lives are like, the people who live in those houses...
Probably just like yours, chump- goodnight
Finally, I fell asleep--
LIKE STEVE CANYON, THE GOLLYWOG IS DREAMING
YOU ARE IN THE FUNNY PAGES!
ROOOARRR
WE WANT YOU TO CONFORM TO THE COMICS CODE DAGWOG - CONFORM
WHERE AM I?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
--reading the newspaper...
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOING TO ME?
WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK IN TIME
BACK IN TIME
WHY ARE YOU SO AGGRESSIVE GOLLY BROWN?
I'M A LITTLE GOLLYWOG, I'D DRESSED IN BLUE, ETC.
WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE LUTHER? HE'S JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!
MY BOY, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHAT KIND OF CARTOON YOU WANT TO BE. YOU DO WANT TO BE IN THE POST DON'T YOU?

WHY CAN'T WE SETTLE DOWN TOGETHER, G W.C.— I'LL LOSE WEIGHT— I'LL QUIT SMOKING— I PROMISE!
YOU CAN BE ACCEPTED IF YOU'LL JUST BE LIKE ME BE LIKE ME
LIKE ME! LIKE ME!
I woke up above Anahe m
WAAAH!
WAAAH!
Hey what's the matter?
I was having a nightmare
Want to talk about it? I mean, it doesn't matter to me ..
dreamed I was trapped in a world of cartoon characters
Well, relax it was just a dream.
o all the buildings here ooks like
No, not exactly-- this is where you're going to be working

To Be Continued

If you subscribe to Heavy Metal today, you'll never have to hear tomorrow . . .

Sorry. All out of Heavy Metal!



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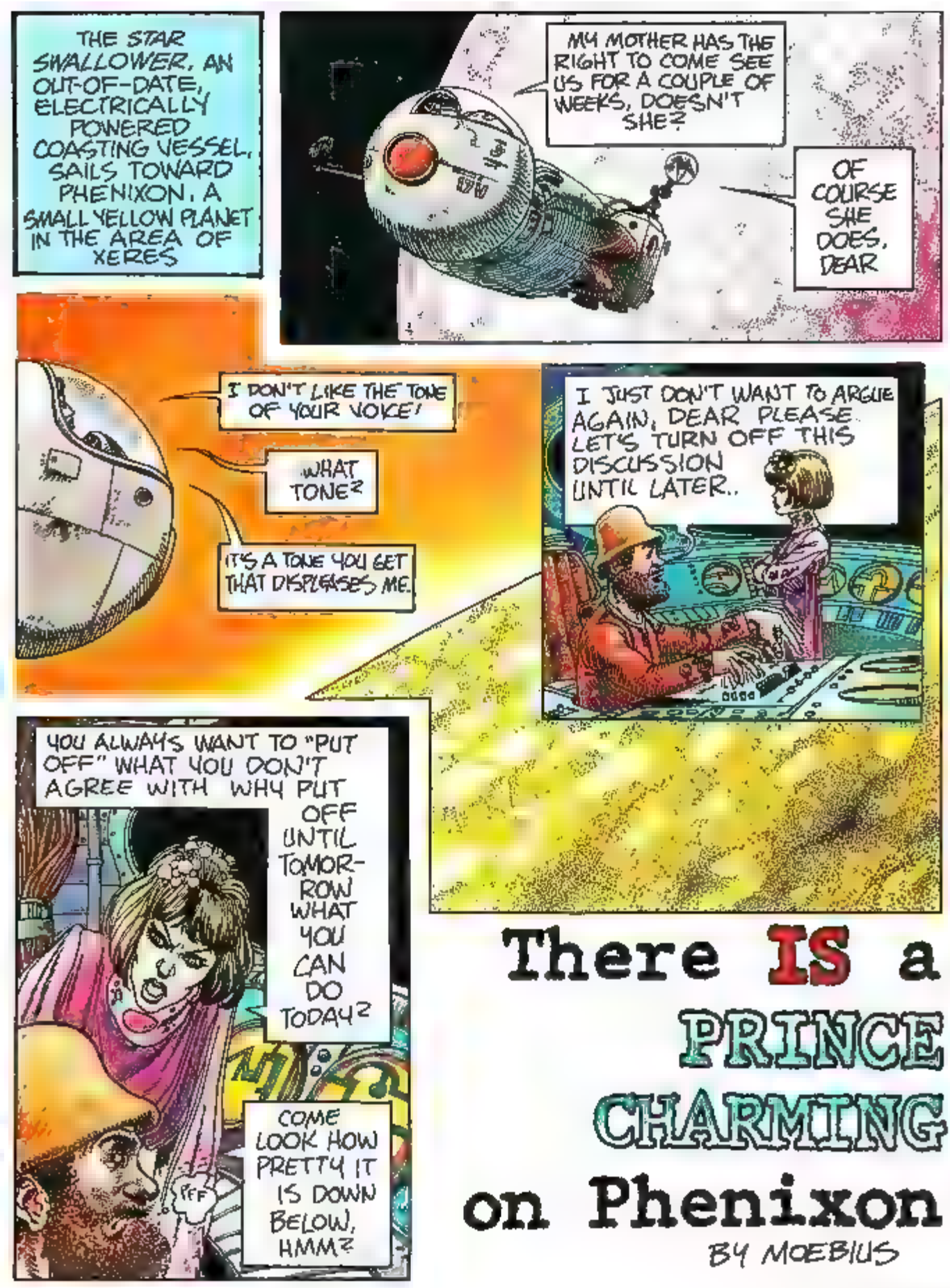
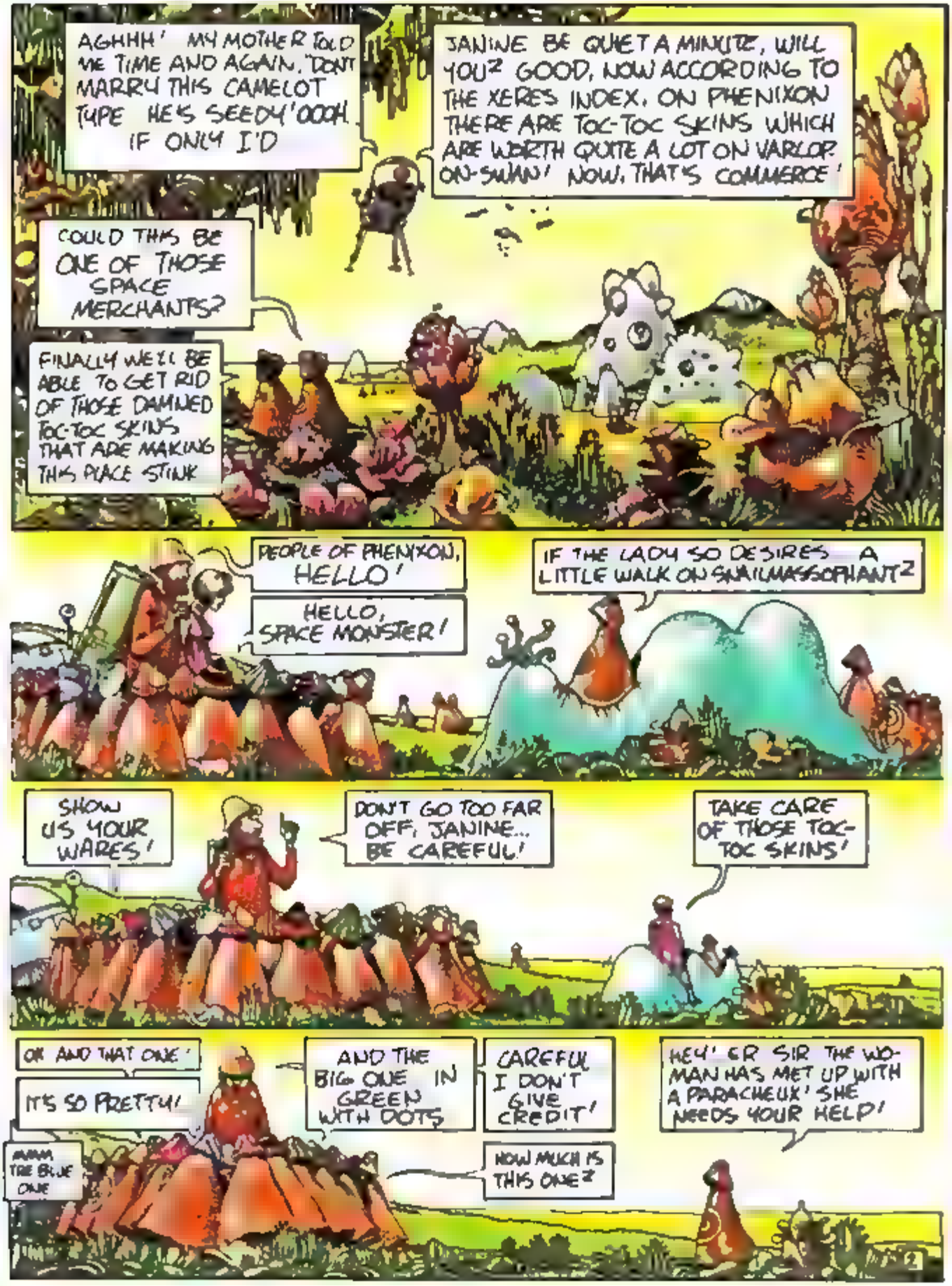
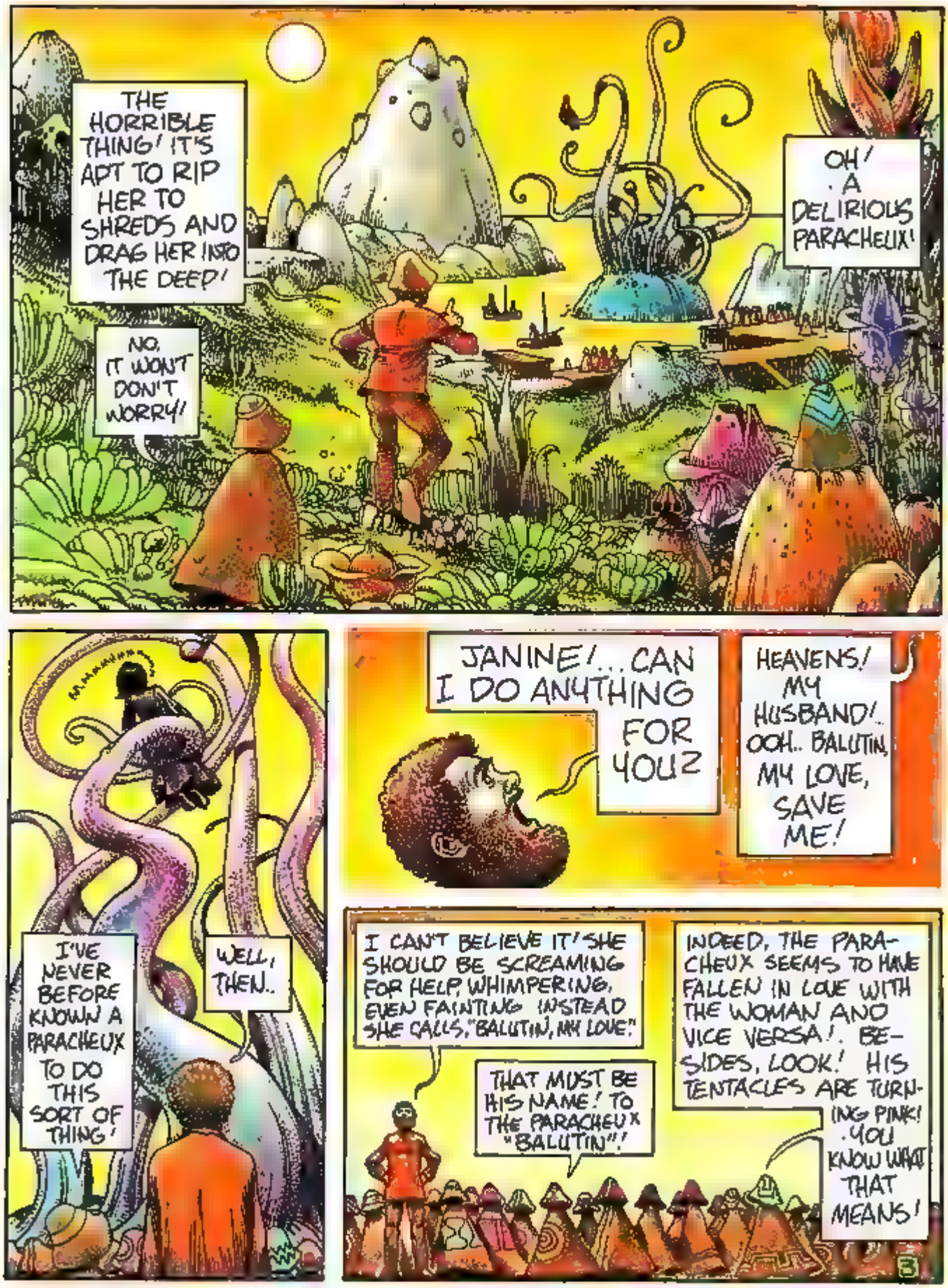
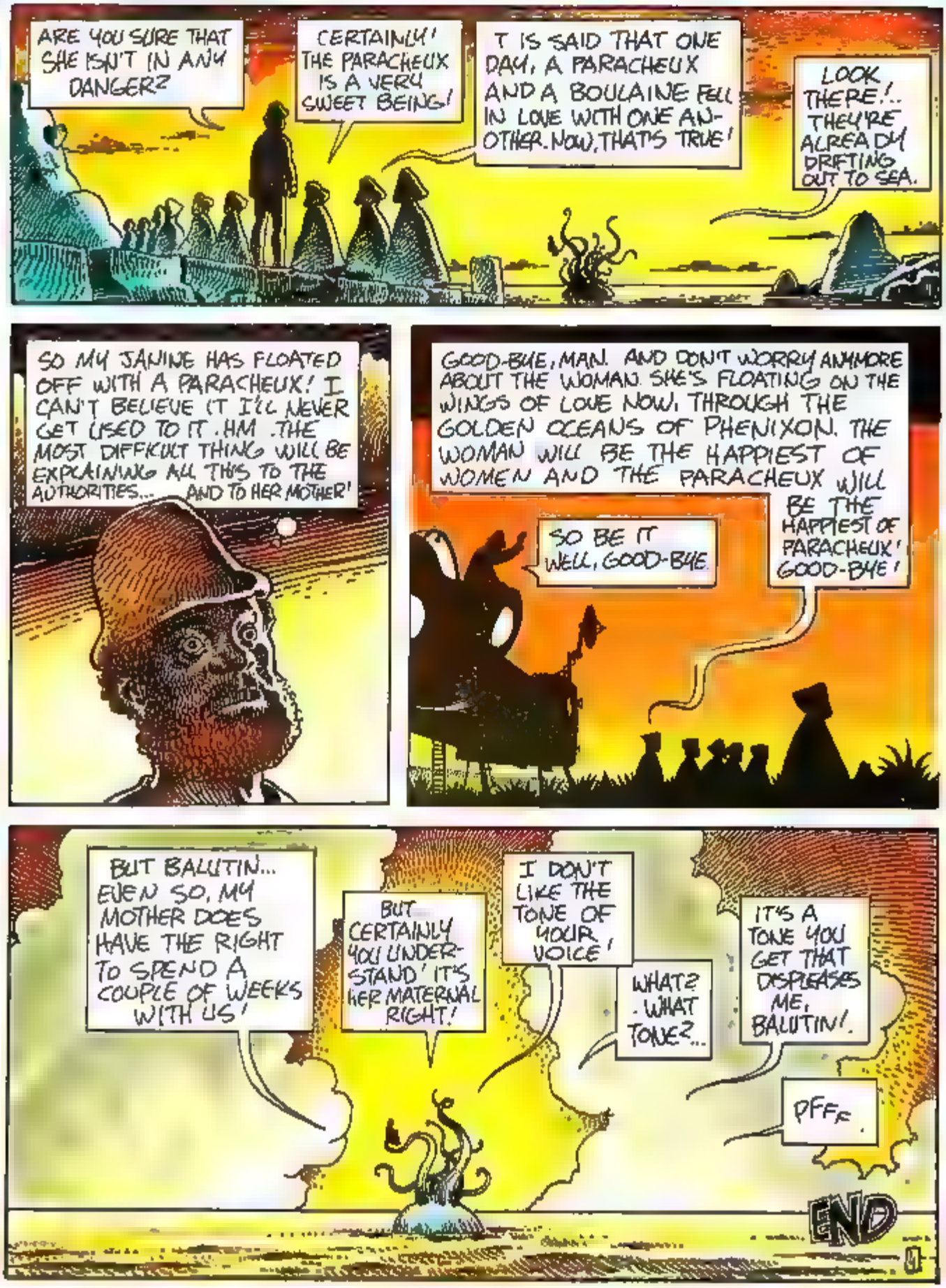

THE STAR SWALLOWER, AN OUT-OF-DATE, ELECTRICALLY POWERED COASTING VESSEL, SAILS TOWARD PHENIXON, A SMALL YELLOW PLANET IN THE AREA OF XERES
MY MOTHER HAS THE RIGHT TO COME SEE US FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS, DOESN'T SHE?
OF COURSE SHE DOES, DEAR
I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!
WHAT TONE?
IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME.
I JUST DON'T WANT TO ARGUE AGAIN, DEAR PLEASE. LET'S TURN OFF THIS DISCUSSION UNTIL LATER..
YOU ALWAYS WANT TO "PUT OFF" WHAT YOU DON'T AGREE WITH WHY PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TODAY?
COME LOOK HOW PRETTY IT IS DOWN BELOW, HMM?
There IS a PRINCE CHARMING on Phenixon
BY MOEBIUS


AGHHH! MY MOTHER TOLD ME TIME AND AGAIN, "DON'T MARRY THIS CAMELOT TYPE HE'S SEEDY! OOOH IF ONLY I'D
JANINE BE QUIET A MINUTE, WILL YOU? GOOD, NOW ACCORDING TO THE XERES INDEX, ON PHENIXON THERE ARE TOC-TOC SKINS WHICH ARE WORTH QUITE A LOT ON VARLOP ON-SUNN! NOW, THAT'S COMMERCE!
COULD THIS BE ONE OF THOSE SPACE MERCHANTS?
FINALLY WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET RID OF THOSE DAMNED TOC-TOC SKINS THAT ARE MAKING THIS PLACE STINK
PEOPLE OF PHENIXON, HELLO!
HELLO, SPACE MONSTER!
IF THE LADY SO DESIRES A LITTLE WALK ON SNAILMASSOPHANT?
SHOW US YOUR WARES!
DON'T GO TOO FAR OFF, JANINE... BE CAREFUL!
TAKE CARE OF THOSE TOC-TOC SKINS!
OH AND THAT ONE!
IT'S SO PRETTY!
AND THE BIG ONE IN GREEN WITH DOTS
CAREFUL I DON'T GIVE CREDIT!
HEY! ER SIR THE WOMAN HAS MET UP WITH A PARACHEUX! SHE NEEDS YOUR HELP!
AHHH THE BLUE ONE
HOW MUCH IS THIS ONE?


THE HORRIBLE THING! IT'S APT TO RIP HER TO SHREDS AND DRAG HER INTO THE DEEP!
NO, IT WON'T DON'T WORRY!
OH! A DELIRIOUS PARACHEUX!
I'VE NEVER BEFORE KNOWN A PARACHEUX TO DO THIS SORT OF THING!
WELL, THEN..
JANINE!.. CAN I DO ANYTHING FOR YOU?
HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND!.. OOH.. BALUTIN, MY LOVE, SAVE ME!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SHE SHOULD BE SCREAMING FOR HELP, WHIMPERING, EVEN FAINTING INSTEAD SHE CALLS, "BALUTIN, MY LOVE."
THAT MUST BE HIS NAME! TO THE PARACHEUX "BALUTIN"!
INDEED, THE PARACHEUX SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE WOMAN AND VICE VERSA!. BESIDES, LOOK! HIS TENTACLES ARE TURNING PINK! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!
3


ARE YOU SURE THAT SHE ISN'T IN ANY DANGER?
CERTAINLY! THE PARACHEUX IS A VERY SWEET BEING!
IT IS SAID THAT ONE DAY, A PARACHEUX AND A BOULAINE FELL IN LOVE WITH ONE ANOTHER. NOW, THAT'S TRUE!
LOOK THERE!.. THEY'RE ALREADY DRIFTING OUT TO SEA.
SO MY JANINE HAS FLOATED OFF WITH A PARACHEUX! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT I'LL NEVER GET USED TO IT. HM. THE MOST DIFFICULT THING WILL BE EXPLAINING ALL THIS TO THE AUTHORITIES... AND TO HER MOTHER!
GOOD-BYE, MAN. AND DON'T WORRY ANYMORE ABOUT THE WOMAN. SHE'S FLOATING ON THE WINGS OF LOVE NOW, THROUGH THE GOLDEN OCEANS OF PHENIXON. THE WOMAN WILL BE THE HAPPIEST OF WOMEN AND THE PARACHEUX WILL BE THE HAPPIEST OF PARACHEUX!
SO BE IT WELL, GOOD-BYE
GOOD-BYE!
BUT BALUTIN... EVEN SO, MY MOTHER DOES HAVE THE RIGHT TO SPEND A COUPLE OF WEEKS WITH US!
BUT CERTAINLY YOU UNDERSTAND! IT'S HER MATERNAL RIGHT!
I DON'T LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE!
WHAT? WHAT TONE?..
IT'S A TONE YOU GET THAT DISPLEASES ME, BALUTIN!
PFFF.
END

WOMAN
BILL SIENKIEWICZ
Sienkiewicz

Jeromalon

THE END.

EARTH IS STRANGE ENOUGH

by Robert Silverberg

continued from page 5

I live in Northern California, in a region where the climate is not exactly tropical but is certainly benign. The temperature almost never goes below freezing and hardly ever rises above 85. So, I chose the sort of plants most closely akin to my sensibility and taste—that is, the freaky, grotesque, bizarre ones, the ones that look as though they'd strayed off the set of *Star Wars*.

The first thing was a cactus garden, naturally—a weird assortment of spiny, murderous, angular monstrosities that look like a sampling of the flora of Betelgeuse XI. Here's a Peruvian Cleistocactus that's a lot like a furry phallus six feet long. (If I ever catch it mating with the bumpy, prickly Lobivia clump nearby I'm going to run like hell.) Here's an Opuntia that looks like a bunch of Mickey Mouse ears minus the mouse. Here's the creeping devil of Baja California, the sinister Machaerocereus, that snakes along the ground, rooting as it slithers. It would slither all the way to Can-

Photograph by Susanna Lee Hayden

ada if the climate were right. And this, gobbling up territory like an extraterrestrial invader—that's the gorgon's head Euphorbia out of South Africa, with clusters of fleshy green projections that could have come to my garden straight out of your favorite SF writer's baddest of trips. I tell you it's weirdsville down there, a spaced-out botanical Twilight Zone of creepies, crawlies, eeries, and ghastlies. A lot of them are wickedly armed, but they won't bite you unless you bite them first—except for the jumping cholla along the border of the garden, which sometimes makes preemptive strikes. (I keep my distance.)

After the cacti came succulents—some leafy, some gnarly, some goofy, all of them strange. They don't run as heavily to nasty spines as the cacti do, but they make it up with even more peculiar forms. I know they come from mundane places like Madagascar and Mexico and Brazil, but their zonkoid shapes and menacing, reptilian textures make it easy to believe that they evolved on worlds where humanoid sacrifice is the Saturday-morning custom and blue green blood flows freely on the high altars. And after the succulents, bromeliads—jungle dwellers, that in nature live perched precariously on tree limbs, feeding themselves by collecting dust specks and frog droppings and mosquito eggs in the little pools of water at their centers. Which led me easily onward to the carnivorous plants: grinning green jaws waiting for unwary bugs. And from there—

It was just like writing SF. I picked the strangest cast of characters I could find, arranged them in an artistically satisfying way, and turned them loose to do their thing, while I sat back and wondered how it would all turn out. I didn't miss my career for a moment. Planting this oddball garden satisfied all my creative hungers. It kept me out of mischief, gave me a powerful sense of oneness with the universe, mightily amused my neighbors, and taught me a great deal about botany and horticulture. There was even a powerful philosophical point in it for me. After having spent my whole life in the creation of extraterrestrial weirdness, I was learning anew that Earth is strange enough. No need to go chasing off to Xfuz VII and Hklplod III—our own little planet, having given us euphorbias and tillandsias and lobivias and billbergias and all the other botanical wonders that provide me daily with such delight, is an incredibly bountiful source of the goddamnedest thrills and chills there are.

And then my acre of land was full, the job was done, and my creative hungers were still tickling me. So I unretired, and there was *Lord Valentine's Castle*, and I filled its landscape with all the plants of my own garden. Slightly modified, of course—the bromeliads have teeth, and some of the succulents have eyes. Call it artistic license—or is it just cross-pollination? ●

COMING NEXT MONTH

The contents of the February *Heavy Metal* are almost all from those fabulous frogs across the sea, with just a smattering of American work throughout.

"Salammbo" continues! Yes, after a four-issue lapse (think it was 'cause he ran out of crayons!) Druillet's illustrated version of Flaubert's classic returns! In it you'll see a whole lot of partying, pillaging, and general hell raising!

"K.O.," by Voss, is an odd little strip about a far-off planet that holds boxing matches between robots. You'd be surprised who a few of them are programmed to imitate!

This time we really mean it! Jeff Jones's **"Yesterday's Lily"** will be excerpted, accompanying tidbits of a recent interview with this master!

"The Horny Fool," a Moebius mini-epic, is sorta self-explanatory, as is Dominique He's **"Edward's in Love."** (Ah, the French are so straightforward!)

Plus: the continuation of **"What Is Reality, Papa?," "Bloodstar," "Ambassador of the Shadows,"** and **"Rock Opera"**! See you then!

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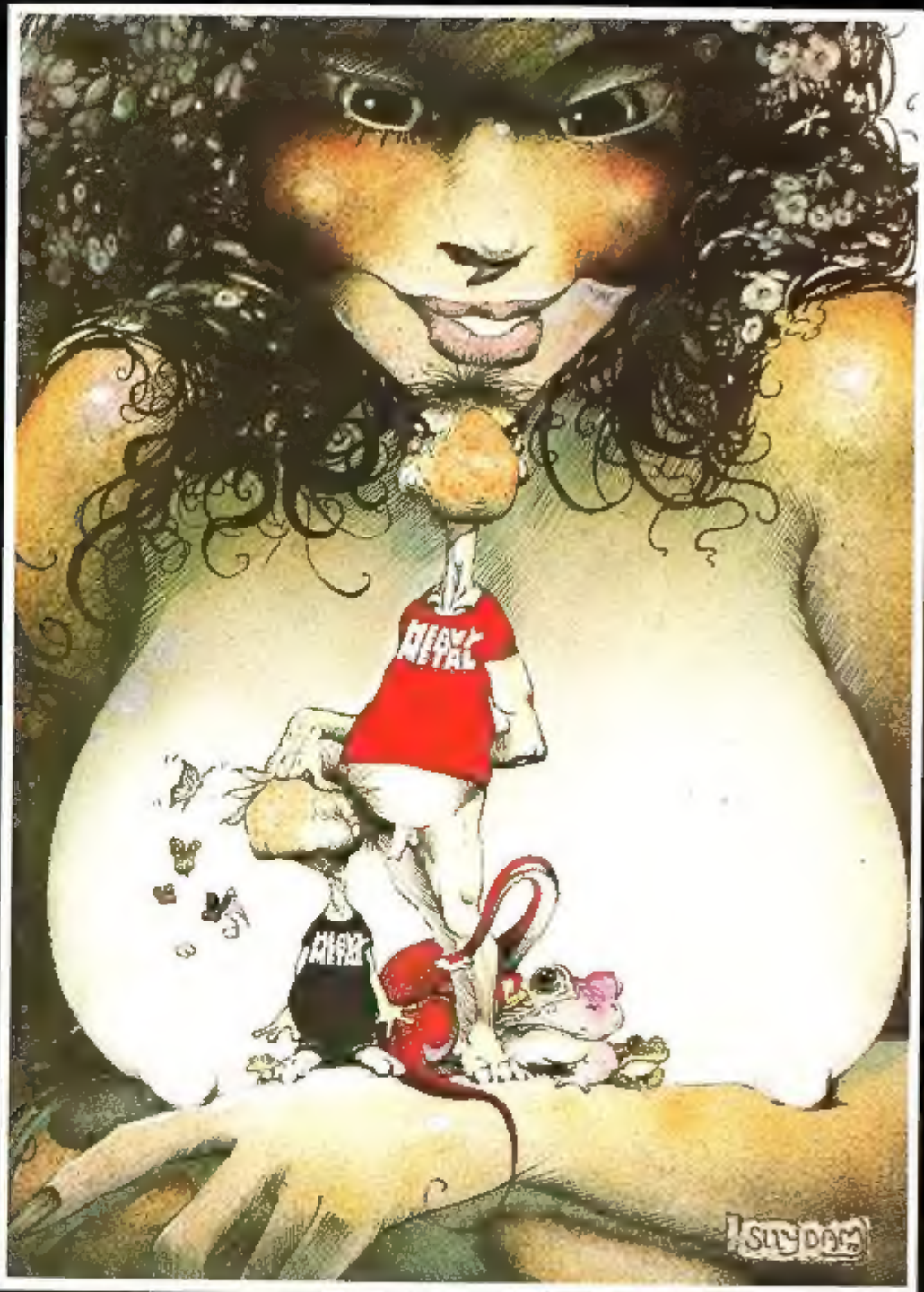

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